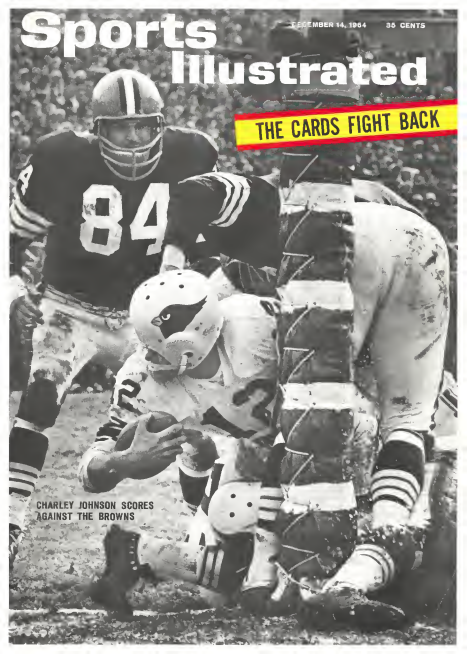


Sports Illustrated



SEPTEMBER 14, 1964

35 CENTS

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Contents

DECEMBER 14, 1964 Volume 21, No. 24

Cover photograph by Walter Dorn Jr.

16 Half a Game Out and One to Go

The St. Louis Cardinals' best the Cleveland Browns—and they hope the New York Giants can do the same this week.

20 Boom Went the Anvil Chorus

Michigan's maselemen run with Duke for a while and then turned on their power to win the week's big game.

22 Ships of the Desert

It's time to have water near your yacht club, but the yachtsmen of Albuquerque prove it's not necessary.

24 A Triumph for Two Swingers

Nicklaus and Falmer, unopposed, hold lemons or Harrell's jumper, make a raft of the Canada Cup matches.

29 I Remember Lucadello

It is the cocktail party season, and a club who knows baseball instead of the arts needs a tactical strategy.

40 An Orange Pick-me-up

Anna Milon Glaser portrays the color of Florida's annual Orange Bowl sports festival.

70 He Marches to His Own Drummer

Sometimes the best is a little off, but Cooke Golebrist keeps on marching—as it were.

The departments

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 9 Scorecard | 64 Sporting Look |
| 49 People | 68 Motor Sports |
| 50 Hunting | 83 For the Record |
| 57 Bridge | 84 Basketball's Week |
| 58 College Football | 86 19th Hole |
| 62 Golf | |



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Credits on page 53

Next week

PEERING INTO TOMORROW, the special holiday issue includes a hard-eyed appraisal of the next decade, far-out sports equipment in color and a far-in-the-future tale of a big game.

WHO WILL IT BE? The 1964 Sportsman of the Year is an athlete who has reached the high point of his career by means of a singular display of courage and determination.

THE LAST ACT of the pro football season is a cliffhanger. The Colts and the Chargers are ready to go, Tex. Azzie and Edwin Shrike, in the first row, discuss what will happen.

We ask Simca owners:

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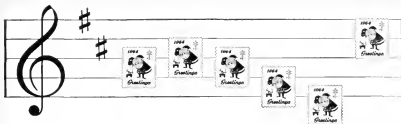


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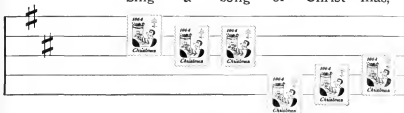


**Happier idea: hang around
till he opens it.**

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SHOPWALK

Andre's Manhattan shop specializes
in custom-made garments for skiers

The ground floor of the unassuming brownstone at 21 West 56 Street, New York City, houses one of the most exclusive ski boutiques in America. It is the only shop of its kind in the country where both parkas and stretch pants are made to measure. The proprietor is Jules Andre, a Russian of Swiss descent who has been skiing since the age of 5. Andre Ski Shop's fabric parkas start at \$29.95 and fur ones at \$150. Stretch pants are \$49.50 for women and \$59.50 for men. The store also carries Andre's own ready-made jackets in assorted sizes and a line of imported sweaters.

Andre went into business when he came to this country in 1935. He began by selling skis imported from Finland. He still sells Finnish skis—a beginner can buy a good pair made of laminated wood for \$16.95. He also handles the ever-popular Head skis as well as Marker bindings and Henke boots.

Andre's reputation, however, is mainly based on his fine ski wear, and his operation offers several advantages to the affluent shopper. You do not see your outfit displayed on every ski slope, and your own ideas can be incorporated into the design. Andre says, "We can make clothes for skiers because we ourselves are skiers." The basic

Andre parka, which can be modified to suit the customer, is patterned directly on the old original Eskimo parka. It has a drawstring at the neck and the cuffs are closed with Velcro strips. Otherwise, the parka is loose, allowing warm air to accumulate—the secret of keeping warm in the coldest weather. For an additional \$10 you can have the neck lined with lynx. The parka sketched at left is made of Somali leopard fur and costs \$250. It has a high turtleneck collar and stretch sleeves; the sleeves can be made to match ski pants.

All fabrics, including the finest silks, are waterproofed, and some are backed with 1½-inch-thick Scott foam. Most parkas have a half-an-inch-

continued

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BEAR BRAND HOSIERY CO. / CHICAGO

RESIL'FLEX

thick lining of Dacron, nylon and Curot, which keeps one warm even at 20° below. There is not a yard of quilted nylon in the shop, but Andre has an astonishing collection of more than 380 textures and patterns, ranging from a delicate silk-screen print on Egyptian cotton to a bold, geometric-designed drapery fabric by Frank Lloyd Wright, to an English woven tapestry portraying 18th-century ladies, to an amazing material with a 20th-century abstraction.

Real fur parkies are becoming increasingly popular, and Andre travels to Labrador and Alaska in search of skins. There are parkies in the perennially popular silver-gray hair seal for \$250, and also the newer Lakoda seal, a rich, dyed-blue sheared fur that sells for \$250. Lynx paws make a glamorous jacket at \$150, and an unusually handsome one made from fitchew, a European polecat, is \$195. Monkey fur can be dyed to becoming blues, reds and greens and is very popular at \$195.

"No tailor who is not a skier can make ski pants," Andre insists. "Pants should follow the contours of the body exactly; they will then ride on the hips, and the legs should be narrow but not skintight." Andre started making ski trousers in 1940 when they were made of gabardine and had to be custom-fitted. "You have to have infinite patience and accumulate knowledge that the ordinary tailor does not possess." It is essential, he says, to know where and how to compensate for the height and weight of individuals, and only a skiing tailor can make a footpiece that is comfortable and will not slip.

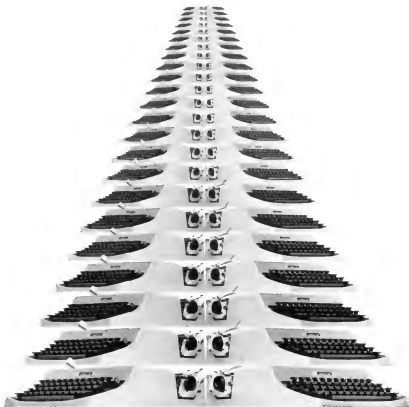
His stretch material, which comes from Switzerland, is a 20-ounce blend of 60% wool and 40% Helanca and feels as good as it looks. By comparison, most stretch fabrics are rough to the touch. There are more than 70 shades from which to choose. Navy blue is this season's favorite. Also very popular this year are the one-piece or two-piece stretch outfits.

"Our customers are our designers," says Andre. He personally takes care of every detail and every client. He is an excellent skier, and he can also cut patterns and sew. Indeed, every time a new idea is suggested for a garment, it is also tried on the slopes, if possible by Andre himself.

Andre has a deep personal interest in the people of Labrador. He will give you an allowance on your old skis, boots and poles (if they are still usable) when you buy new equipment. He sends the used merchandise to the Greenfell and Moravian missions to give to needy Eskimo children.

Ski jackets and pants can be ordered by mail, and Andre will send you photographs of his new styles together with swatches and measuring instructions. An outfit requires two weeks' work.

—FELICIA LEE



Up a tree for gift ideas? Climb down quick and see the Olivetti Underwood Lettera 32—the present-with-a-future for that very special someone on your list! A world-wide favorite of students, it's also the perfect portable for everyone from poets to PTA secretaries... at a price so low it may surprise you. See the Lettera 32, with the feel and features of a full-size machine (and a handsome carrying case), at your Olivetti Underwood Portable Dealer.

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(On display at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, England)



This is the first Christmas card, but



this English holiday greeting is older!

When J.C. Horsley designed the first Christmas card in 1843, Gordon's Gin had already been an English holiday fixture for 74 years. Obviously, then, you're on very firm traditional ground when you give a gift of Gordon's. Nice thing is, Gordon's still harks back to Alexander Gordon's original 1769 formula, which accounts for its distinctive dryness and delicate flavour. Ideal Christmas gift, wouldn't you say?

SCORECARD

SINGIN', STRUMMIN' 'N' FIGHTIN'

Heavyweight boxing is in such a continuing muddle that it demands a comedian for some light relief. It discovered one in Ernie Terrell the other night on Johnny Carson's *Tonight Show*. Terrell is 25 years old, a handsome, statuesque fighter who may be the new world champion by default any day now. He is one of four boxers the WBA would have liked to match for the title, the others being Cleveland Williams, Floyd Patterson and George Chuvalo. By all counts, lip and face, Terrell already has it made, or so he said.

Terrell: Patterson put himself out of the running when he refused to fight Williams. Then my manager, who has the biggest mouth in the world . . .

Carson: I thought Clay had the biggest mouth.

Terrell: He got a big mouth all right, but my manager got the biggest mouth in the whole world and he had a fight with Chuvalo's manager, so that left me to fight Cleveland Williams. Man, I was happy. I was training and then Williams got himself shot last week by a policeman.

Carson: Oh, there was a slight altercation, was there?

Terrell: I don't know, maybe Williams was training for the fight, but if he was the policeman won.

Carson: Will Clay and Liston ever fight?

Terrell: Well—maybe by the time they gettin' their old-age pension.

Carson: I understand you play the guitar. When did you learn that?

Terrell: I learned the guitar just sittin' around waiting for a fight. (At this point, he plays and sings a rock 'n' roll number, and is a big hit.)

Carson: What do you do now?

Terrell: Maybe I'll go back to Chicago and just play the guitar. Looks like I ain't gonna make no money boxing.

NOW, ABOUT THAT POLE

Craig Breedlove had just set a world land-speed record—526 miles an hour—on Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats last October when his car swerved from the

course, sheared off a telephone pole, careened wildly and landed nose down in a canal. Miraculously, Breedlove escaped injury, though he almost drowned. Last week he got a letter from the Mountain States Telephone & Telegraph Co. offices in Salt Lake City. The letter explained what Breedlove's racer had really done: "Damage to telephone pole No. 4158 of the Salt Lake-Wendover toll line," the letter read. "Estimated cost of repairs: \$200. Will you please furnish us with billing information?"

I'LL CARRY MY OWN BAG DEPT.

Every golfer likes to have a little something—or a someone—in reserve to alibi away that last dreadful round. But Professional Phil Krick would be the first to admit that enough is enough. Bad luck did not just follow him in the recent Cajon Classic; it took hold by the bag handle and led the way. The way it was, Krick was assigned this caddy for the qualifying round. On the first hole Phil hit a shot within inches of the flagstick, but when he reached the green with his putter there was nothing there to putt.

"Where's my ball?" Krick asked.

"Heck, that's a gimme putt around here," said the caddy, and flipped him the ball. Two-stroke penalty.

On the 10th hole Phil sent a chip shot straight for the pin.

"Hey, yank out the flagstick," he yelled. The caddy, red-faced, struggled with the flag. Out it came—and the cup along with it. The ball caromed off the cup. Another two-stroke penalty.

Six holes later Phil split the fairway with a drive. When he got to the spot where the ball should have been, the caddy was there, the ball was not.

"It was in a divot mark," explained the caddy, taking the ball out of his pocket, "so I thought I'd try to give you a better lie." It was an earnest attempt to recoup for past blunders. It cost Krick another two-stroke penalty.

Somehow Krick was able to finish the round and, despite six penalty strokes, turned in a one-under-par 71. He easily

qualified for the tournament. Quietly, so as not to injure feelings, he then asked the caddy master to assign him another boy. The switch was too late—Krick was cut after the second round.

THE SORE-FOOT DETECTIVE

Had she come dressed in burlap, worn tennis shoes, flashed an ax and cried, "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition," she could not have caused greater trepidation. A hundred angry men, who had come to the state fairgrounds in Raleigh, N.C. to show their Tennessee Walking Horses, clustered around Mrs. Pearl Twyne. She wanted to have a look at the horses; they wanted to have her bullwhipped. Or worse.

"Get her out of here," said one, beginning a chorus.

"We're tired of being overrun by this old lady!"

"Nosy old bitch!"

"If she ever comes to Tennessee, I'll personally throw her in the river!"

"If she steps into my stable," said Jimmy Norris of Fayetteville, N.C., "she'll never step out again."

What exactly was Mrs. Twyne up to to provoke such genuine antipathy? She came with search warrants, and what she was up to as a legitimate representative of the humane societies of Virginia and



North Carolina was a hoof-by-hoof inspection of the horses she suspected of being "sored"—hooves treated with acid to cause blistering and thus pain the animal into lifting its feet higher. It is an old, reprehensible trick of Walking Horse owners (SI, Jan. 11, 1960 *et seq.*), and it goes on almost unabated. Mrs. Twyne has been campaigning against this particular brand of cruelty for years, sometimes without due caution, hence her immediate recognition in Raleigh. She has

continued

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had film taken from her, her photographer roughed up, and she was once threatened with a shotgun. This time she thought to enlist the aid of the local constabulary, and a squad car was there for refuge when the mob closed in. She retreated without completing her investigation, an unconked crusader, but she said she had not given in or up. "I can never stop," she said. "Just think of those poor horses." She also said she could take being called a bitch, "but I do object to being called an old bitch. That's just not true." A crusader Mrs. Twyne is, a woman she is also.

MAKING ENDS MEET

The lone winner of a whopping \$47,032 twin double payoff at Pimlico racetrack in Maryland recently was a fidgety, middle-aged man who begged that his name not be revealed—because he owes "about \$50,000 worth of bills."

ACK-ACK FOR POLAR BEARS

The modern polar bear hunter is an intrepid fellow who spots his game from the air, stalks it (runs it rigged) across the ice until it is on the threshold of exhaustion, then lands and shoots it. A rule of thumb might be: don't land until you see the color of his tongue. The principal requirement of the hunt is not that the hunter be a good shot but that he have good flying weather. Tracking a milk cow in wet sand is the sporting equivalent.

Last year Shelby Longoria, an intrepid hunter from Matamoros, Mexico, chartered two planes—you never know when a polar bear is going to shoot one down out of Kotzebue, Alaska and knocked off the biggest polar bear ever. *Field & Stream* magazine saw fit to recount the chase, and its editors defended it on the grounds that Longoria had risked his life flying over the ice. By this specious logic, you might defend a hit-and-run driver on the grounds that he had to drive on the freeway. In any case, the Boone and Crockett Club accepted Longoria's trophy, then in a smart about-face declared it would no longer recognize trophies shot in such a manner.

Four years ago—ever since the Alaska Fish and Game Department indicated that polar bears were underharvested—hunting from the cockpit became a booming business. Frequently bears have been shot while the hunter was still in the air. But now the polar bear may

continued



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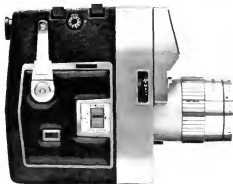
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Bell & Howell photographic instruments are extraordinarily precise. They perform without deviation from a rigid set of self-imposed standards. They're virtually incapable of error. They measure light and distance exactly. They control film perfectly, holding it flat in exact focus, corner to corner and edge to edge.

The Bell & Howell 418 movie camera shown here is a good example. The electric eye, which sets your exposure automatically, is inside the lens. Precisely where the light strikes the film, so that it responds only to the light that's in your picture. In subtle lighting, the difference can be enormous. In not-so-subtle lighting, it can turn "good enough" movies into movies to be proud of.

You shoot through a precisely-ground 11-element optical instrument with built-in filters. You view directly through the lens. You zoom in and out as smooth as cream, with gentle pressure on a button. You load with a refillable cartridge.

Now, does all this exactitude mean that a Bell & Howell instrument is difficult to use? Not at all. For we think that part and parcel of our products' function is ease of operation. Pistol grips fit your hand neatly. Controls fall easily to your fingers. Viewfinders show exactly how you're zooming.

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(Prices Plus Tax)

SCORECARD

be becoming extinct. This week in the Alaskan press, U.S. Senator E. L. Bartlett announced that he will push for an international agreement to protect the bears from dive bombers. Good for Senator Bartlett. Spouting and chasing polar bears—or moose, or elephant, or man-eating grasshoppers—by plane should be outlawed. Hunters can darn well reach the bear by boat and stalk him by foot if they have a mind to, and if that's time-consuming and dangerous, then that's the way it ought to be.

THE PROMOTER

A Lakeland, Fla. insurance man, Al Wiecezorek, thought it was high time Lakeland put on a boxing match. He found others whose thinking was similarly backward, and they all put up \$600 apiece to promote a match between welterweights Jose Stabile and Rudolph Belli. Promotion money was short and the match was postponed, but eventually it was rescheduled for Henley Field, where the Detroit Tigers conduct spring training. Ticket sales (\$6.60 for choice seats) were brisk—that is, they moved—and on the night of the fight 400 people were in the stands. The fighters were taped up and ready. But something was amiss. A \$6.60 ticket holder was first to figure it out. “Hey,” he cried, “there ain't no ring.”

Sure enough, there was no ring. The two truck drivers Wiecezorek assigned to round one up that afternoon in Tampa were unable to make contacts, so—in the way of truck drivers—they shrugged and went home. Al King, a Tampa promoter who was leaning Lakeland the ring, noticed the evening coming on and went into delayed action. With a friend he personally dismantled the ring and put it on a rented truck. Halfway to Lakeland, the truck ran out of gas. A friendly highway patrolman called a Lakeland wrecker, and the whole procession arrived at Henley Field at 9 p.m. By this time the crowd was out of the mood. And when the ring finally was assembled, it listed 12° to starboard. One fighter would definitely have had an uphill fight. Wiecezorek threw up his hands and refunded the money.

TRY, TRY, TRY ONCE

We are busy compiling a dossier on the sportsmen of Grand Ledge, Mich., and the first conclusion we jump to is that they will a) try anything, or b) try any-

continued



MORE THAN A NEW CAR... A NEW CADILLAC!

Of all the new cars recently introduced, one stands out as truly newsworthy . . . Cadillac for 1965! For this great car is totally new—from chassis to rooftop and from start to stop. When you sit at the wheel, you are surrounded by a whole new measure of luxury and comfort. And when you take the wheel, you enjoy the extraordinary smoothness of

Cadillac's Turbo Hydra-Matic—now standard on all models; the remarkable steadiness of ride provided by an all-new suspension; and a marvelous quiet that delights even experienced Cadillac owners. See and drive the 1965 Cadillac soon. You'll agree that it is, without question, the Standard of the World!

No nets! No rigids! No old ways!



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Why not?

Open the draperies and turn on the lights. Pour Asti Gancia...and reminisce about the lush green Piedmont Hills and vineyards of Moscato grapes...in the province of Asti.

Whisper...so you can hear the delicate bubbles bubble. Then muse about the pale gold, *astu-rosi* sparkle of Asti Gancia.

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SCORECARD

thing, but only once. Recently we quoted an advertisement from the *Grand Lodge Independent* advertising a pair of football shoes that had been worn one hour. Now we are in possession of a *Grand Lodge Reminder* ad. "For Sale—red hunting suit, 2-piece, size 40. Nylon quilted lining. Worn once, \$30."

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE

Don't laugh, but those fellows who run major league baseball were doing things right for a change last week. At their annual meeting in Houston they 1) passed a free agent draft similar to the ones used so successfully by both pro football and pro basketball, 2) at least pretended to restore full powers to the commissioner, 3) contributed heavily to a program that will provide college players the opportunity to play summer baseball without jeopardizing their amateur standing, 4) reached (almost) a conclusion on a national Saturday afternoon television program to distribute revenues evenly to every team instead of just to the New York Yankees and 5) decided to let fans vote for the 1965 All-Star teams, after the players have selected a slate of five men at each position.

Soon the American League will force all those owners currently holding stock in the Columbia Broadcasting System, which owns the Yankees, to divest themselves of either that CBS stock or their baseball stock. If they don't, the American League could not open next season because members of several American League teams hold CBS stock in direct opposition to baseball's conflict of interest rules.

Such progressive action, or intimations of action, comes as a pleasant surprise to those of us who wondered what organized baseball would contrive to do next to further deface its image. These first moves are excellent. Encore!

THEY SAID IT

- Bob Mason, basketball coach at Austin College, Sherman, Texas, which does not give athletic scholarships: "Someone asked me the other day about my centers. I told him I couldn't remember the last time we had one."
- Roger Perdiv, University of Cincinnati football guard, in a speech at a banquet: "I want to thank the university for what it's done to me the past four years."

END

A man's man's fragrance



**'That
Man'**

BY REVLON

COLOGNE, TALC, AFTER-SHAVE,
SOAP, SPRAY-DEODORANT BODY TALC,
AND PRE-ELECTRIC SHAVE.

HALF A GAME OUT AND ONE TO GO

The St. Louis Cardinals ran their Eastern Division pennant halfway up the flagpole last Sunday by beating the Cleveland Browns. But the final effort on the hoist must come this week from the New York Giants **by EDWIN SHRAKE**

The Cleveland Browns ordered four cases of champagne delivered to the Bel Air West Motel in St. Louis last Saturday night. The bottles were stacked in a refrigerator to await what the Browns hoped would be a barrage of popping corks, spewing wine and gay laughter on Sunday afternoon. A taxi was ready to rush the champagne out to the Cleveland locker room at Busch Stadium the moment the Browns were certain of defeating the St. Louis Cardinals. Fortunately, someone in the Cleveland organization had the discretion to order the champagne on consignment. By Sunday night the four cases were on their way back to the liquor store.

The celebration was to have marked Cleveland's capture of the Eastern Division championship of the National Football League. It will have to be delayed at least until this weekend, and possibly for much longer. By knocking off the Browns 28-19 Sunday before a frozen but delighted home crowd of 31,585, the St. Louis Cardinals have forced the Eastern Division decision into the final hours of the season. Everything now depends on two games: the Giants vs. Cleveland in New York this Saturday

and the Cards vs. Philadelphia in St. Louis the next day. If both the Browns and the Cardinals win, the pennant will go to Cleveland by a few percentage points. But a Cardinal victory and a Cleveland loss would bring the city of St. Louis its first pro football championship and another flag to fly beside the one the Cardinal baseball team won last October.

The football Cards are the hottest team in the East and have been the most opportunistic in recent games. After an awful mid-season slump during which they lost three of four games—including two to second-division teams, Dallas and New York—the Cards have been unbeaten for the past five weeks. The only nonvictory in that period was a 10-10 tie that was played—or, rather, wallowed—with the Giants on a Busch Stadium field turned swampy by a steady, pounding rain. The Cards beat Pittsburgh twice in the last five weeks, and in one of the games little Corner Back Pat Fischer epitomized the recent St. Louis play and spirit. He ripped the ball from the arms of John Henry Johnson and ran 49 yards for the winning touchdown in the last two minutes.

Last Sunday the Cardinals needed no such desperate heroics. It was the finest day of the year for the young, scholarly St. Louis quarterback, Charley Johnson (*see cover*), who was presented a plaque as an outstanding alumnus of New Mexico State just before the game. A couple of hours later Johnson slumped on a bench in the Cardinal locker room, taking small puffs off a cigar and smiling at his plaque. He had a red scratch under his right eye, a long, ragged claw mark along the right side of his mouth, a bleeding cut on the back of his neck and a large, swollen purple bruise on his right biceps. Truthfully, Johnson looked as if he had spent the afternoon being wrestled and chewed by a bear. His pants were undone and wadded around his ankles, and he was too tired either to pull them up or to take them off. But he was not too tired to exult at the comeback of the Cardinals.

"After that first New York game [which the Cardinals lost, 34-17] we decided we had to double up and catch up," Johnson said. "I went back to studying hard. I started taking films home with me again. We changed our entire practice procedure and worked harder.

continued

After taking a pass from Charley Johnson, Jackie Smith goes to the two-yard line to set up a Cardinal touchdown, scored by Johnson himself.



What had happened was we had got away from our preparations during the week. We were still getting high for the games, but we weren't really prepared. You can't get ready in one day. Each game is a week-long job. We quit making that error."

For the Browns, the Cardinals had developed a game plan in which they had confidence. The earlier Cleveland game



The Cardinals show how to stop Jim Brown

was a 33-33 tie, and the Cards knew they could move the ball on the Browns' defense. They intended to stay fairly close to the tactics that had proved effective in the first game. The running attack was to concentrate on off-tackle slants and traps. The big difference in the St. Louis offense was that Split End Sonny Randle, one of the NFL's most dangerous deep receivers, was out of this second Cleveland game because of a shoulder separation (it has finished him for the season). As a consequence, prime responsibility shifted to Flanker Bobby Joe Conrad, a drawling Texan who is a

tricky receiver but does not have Randle's speed.

The Cardinals hoped to throw repeatedly to Conrad on short sideline patterns and on what, in St. Louis terminology, are called inside slips and comeback switches. On the inside slip Conrad goes 15 yards downfield and breaks across the middle. On the comeback switch Conrad goes down 15 to 18 yards, whistles and runs two or three steps back toward Johnson. The Cardinals also hoped to catch Cleveland in one of the defense patterns in which the weak-side safety crowds up almost over the St. Louis weak-side guard. In that situation Johnson would start play action toward the strong side, then stop and throw back across the field—either to Conrad or to Randle's replacement, Billy Gannhell, who would be man-for-man on the safety and was expected to be clear.

In the first Cleveland game the Browns' linebackers came up fast to cover the St. Louis backs on swing patterns. The idea this time was to swing the backs again, and if the linebackers committed themselves early Johnson would throw to Conrad on quick slant-in patterns.

The man with the primary duty of tagging along with Conrad was Cleveland Corner Back Bernie Parrish, who has his faults on man-for-man coverage but who has contributed mightily toward putting the Browns into their current lofty position and probably saved Quarterback Frank Ryan's job as well. Late in the second Dallas game the Cowboys were leading, 16-13, when Parrish intercepted a pass and raced it in for the winning touchdown. Cleveland's No. 2 quarterback, Jim Ninowski, who is capable of brilliant afternoons but is not as consistent as Ryan, was warming up on the sideline. After Parrish's touchdown, Ninowski sat down again. After that Ryan played five good games in a row, going into last Sunday.

The interception by Parrish was typical of the Cleveland defense this year. The Browns—hurt by the loss through injuries of Defensive Tackles Bob Gain and Frank Parker—play a conservative defense. They seldom blitz. They lay back and give up voluminous yardage—the most, in fact, of any team in the league—and wait for the other side to make a mistake. That style gets the Browns kicked around quite a bit, but until last Sunday they had usually managed to come up with the big defensive plays,

and they ranked fourth in the league in fewest points allowed.

The thing that worried the Cardinals was stopping the Cleveland offense. It used to be that to stop Cleveland meant only to stop Jim Brown, which is a considerable chore but could occasionally be done. After Ray Renfro lost his speed several years ago and retired, the Browns did not have a really fast target for the long pass. But they found one this season in rookie Flanker Paul Warfield, who can run like a sprinter and jump like a basketball player and already has mastered moves that most receivers never learn.

To complicate the St. Louis defensive problems, Warfield—who flanks to the left side—had to be covered by Jim Burson, a taxi-squad graduate who moved ahead of veteran Corner Back Jimmy Hill after Hill injured a knee. The St. Louis safetymen, Jerry Stovall and Larry Wilson, would flip-flop, with Spivak moving to the strong side. One or the other thus would frequently be available to help on Warfield. But that meant the 5-foot-9, 168-pound Pat Fischer would have to go it pretty much alone on 6-foot-4, 208-pound Cleveland Flanker Gary Collins, who was Fischer's nemesis in the first Cleveland game (Collins caught six passes for 105 yards and one touchdown off Fischer and set up the Browns' last touchdown with a long reception).

On Saturday morning the streets of St. Louis were slick with ice after the city was sideswiped by a midwestern blizzard. The morning paper informed the Cardinals, who were due at Busch Stadium for a 10 a.m. practice, that 245 people had been treated at hospitals for injuries from falls during the freezing rain and light snow of Friday. But the Busch Stadium field, which under the best of conditions is not much softer than a parking lot, had been covered and was frozen only around the edges of the tarp. So the Cardinals stayed off the field and used the morning to watch movies of Cleveland kickoff returns. The header preparations had already been made.

Before the 1:05 p.m. Sunday kickoff, the temperature at the St. Louis airport was 12°. Smoke from factory chimneys around Busch Stadium hung white and frozen against a gray sky. In the Christmas spirit, an airplane flew over the stadium trailing a sign that read, "Deck

the balls with battered Browns." When the tarp was rolled off the field and the snow was scraped up and hanked against the walls, the ground was bare and hard. The maintenance crew spread sand on the field to improve the footing. The Browns, who had arrived Saturday night an hour late because of the storm and strong headwinds, had brought along three sets of shoes—the regular ones, tennis shoes and some German-made footwear with small rubber cleats. None were magic.

In the middle of the first quarter Conrad tried to run a down-and-out pattern against Parrish and was crowded out of it. Conrad broke back toward the center of the field, which was the correct procedure, and arrived in the same area as St. Louis Tight End Jackie Smith. Johnson threw toward Smith and then fell under a tackle, thinking the pass had been completed. But Parrish, who had come looking for Conrad, caught the ball and ran it to the St. Louis 32. The Browns had been striking at St. Louis right Defensive Tackle Luke Owens, who has a chronic bad knee, and they continued to do so as they drove to the Cardinal 15. From there, Lou Groza kicked a 22-yard field goal to put Cleveland ahead, 3-0. But holding the Browns to a field goal inspired the St. Louis defense, and for the rest of the afternoon, although Groza kicked three more field goals, Cleveland could manage only one touchdown. It came on a tremendous diving catch by Ernie Green late in the game.

With Conrad getting double coverage when he flanked to the strong side, Johnson turned to his running game. In the first quarter Running Back Prentice Gault limped off the field and beckoned to John David Crow, who recently has been benched for the first time since he was in the seventh grade. Crow responded well, slamming for 72 yards in 21 carries, most of them in tough, battering tries in short yardage situations. But it was a pass on a broken play that shot the Cardinals ahead to stay, in the second quarter. Johnson called a pass to Gault and Cleveland put on a blitz. Gault stayed behind to upend a Cleveland linebacker, and Johnson threw perfectly to Joe Childress down the middle for a 46-yard touchdown.

Johnson sneaked for another touchdown in the second quarter, passed to Conrad on the inside slip for another, and the Cardinals, 21-0, at the half, 1 rom

then on the St. Louis team was never in danger. Johnson wound up the day completing 15 of 22 passes for 167 yards and two touchdowns and running for two others himself.

Fischer, meanwhile, glued himself to Collins and did not allow the Cleveland flanker a single catch. Burson had more trouble with Warfield, who caught six for 91 yards but could not escape for a touch-

down play." Gray said. "He's never been sharper."

"We're going to prepare this week as if our Philadelphia game will be for the championship," said Johnson. "We have to think that way. We have to believe the Giants can beat Cleveland."

"We deserve to be the champions," Defensive End Joe Robb said. "We have a better team than Cleveland, especially



Joe Childress, nose in the Browns' secondary, gets away from Larry Benz and Bob Franklin.

down. The St. Louis defense, blitzing less than usual, kept Jim Brown down to a comparatively modest 68 yards in 14 carries. And the Cardinals hit Ryan very hard very early, causing him to hurry his passes. "I started off throwing short," Johnson said later as a doctor examined the lemon-sized lump that grew on the biceps of his passing arm after he was speared by a helmet in the first quarter. "Then they came up and I threw deep. Then they went back again, and I threw short. We stayed one jump ahead." Nearby, Guard Ken Gray, the St. Louis offensive captain, nodded. "Charlie called all

if you take that big guy out of their backfield. If Y. A. Little can beat the Browns, we'll vote him a full share of the championship money."

Even if New York can beat the Browns, St. Louis is by no means home free. High and hot as they are, the Cardinals go into their game with Philadelphia suffering from what could be a critical loss: Fullback Joe Childress dislocated his shoulder in the Cleveland game, and is out until 1965. If St. Louis can overcome this disadvantage—and if old Y. A. has a great day—those four cases of champagne may still find a taker. **END**

BOOM WENT THE ANVIL CHORUS

Like resounding thunder from the timpani, Michigan's trio of giants drummed out Duke's defeat. They proved that their speed cannot be discounted but that power is still the Wolverines' ultimate weapon **by FRANK DEFORD**

They came across the Duke University campus, not like a mob, but in twos and threes, in the manner of a pilgrimage. Eventually about 200 arrived, not a particularly impressive number in a stadium, but this group had assembled on a misty Friday night merely to observe an unadvertised practice by a basketball team. The Duke coach, Vic Bubas, was as surprised as anyone. "I've never seen anything like this," he said, and he said it three times. "We've never had more than eight people show up to see an opponent practice."

The crowd had come to watch the University of Michigan team loosen up for its game with Duke the following night—not just because Michigan is considered by many the best in the nation but because it may be, physically, the most awesome collegiate squad ever put together. No starter is as midgety as 6 feet, and only one undernourished young man weighs less than 200.

Michigan Coach Dave Strack is accustomed to the attention that his monsters arouse; on Friday he was more intent on other matters. Duke was the last team to beat Michigan—in the NCAA semifinals last season. Duke had accomplished this in the only way yet found to beat the Wolverines, with speed and more speed on both offense and defense. Strack told his men that he did not mind if they lost a track meet to Duke, as long as they won a basketball game. Last year, in their three decisive defeats—by UCLA, Minnesota and Duke—Michigan had lost both. Speed had won over brawn.

The Duke battle plan for the game was simple enough: the players referred to it among themselves as Operation Relentless. They would run and run and pressure the Michigan players to such an extent that Michigan would have to sacrifice its superiority in sheer muscle power by picking up the fast tempo. That was the way Michigan had played earlier in the week, in its opening game against Ball State. Repeatedly Michigan had failed to move back and set up quickly enough on defense, and a good first pass over the center line by

Ball State had led to several easy scores.

For Michigan's All-America Cazzie Russell, the Blue Devils had a special pre-Christmas gift: they would let him shoot all night, from outside. All Duke efforts would be concentrated on stopping his drives and keeping him from getting the ball to other Michigan players when they were free. That was the way Duke had "handled" Russell last March. He had scored 31 points, but the rest of the Michigan team had been sufficiently well covered to allow Duke to win by 11.

In practice earlier in the week Bubas

had decided to call his plan Operation Rat Race but changed it to Operation Relentless when Assistant Coach Backy Waters suggested that the original term was too corny for the intellectual young Duke athletes. The players were all business in their preparations for the game, but off the court there was a great deal of kidding about all the Michigan footprints that would be decorating their blue-trimmed jerseys afterward.

The Duke campus generally adopted this same spirit. Despite the occasional signs of "Crush Cazzie" painted on trash



cans, students were using "No way" as an expression of greeting—meaning there was no way of beating Michigan. But it was all a charade. From Vic Bubas on down, everyone was sure there was a way—even those who watched Michigan's practice session.

Saturday night Duke Indoor Stadium was jammed with 8,800. It had been sold out for weeks. After all the plans and poses, the game went strictly to form, including the kind of early-season jitters that led to 17 errors by Michigan and 13 by Duke. The Wolverines survived Operation Relentless 86-79, but gasping and relentlessly, in their own fashion. Though Michigan showed that it can do a little running itself, it was good old reliable muscle that brought the victory. After Duke had come back from a 10-point deficit to tie the game 69-69 and then 71-71 with four and a quarter minutes to go, Michigan's three biggest behemoths settled the issue. One after another—like downbeats in the *Awful Chorus*—they rebounded missed shots and scored. First Oliver Darden (6 feet 7, 220), then Cazzie Russell (6 feet 5, 220) and finally Bill Buntin (6 feet 7, 235) picked off offensive rebounds and pounded them home. Suddenly it was 78-71, and Operation Relentless had been beaten to death. Even Duke's strategy for containing Russell was formful, up to a point: his drives were stopped. But the trouble with thwarting one facet of Russell's game is that Cazzie just moves on to something else. He was marvelous at hitting his free teammates, particularly as they cut in from the corners.

Michigan had jumped off to an 18-9 lead, and only then, when Bubas put together a little team—with three men 6 feet 1 or under—did Duke hold on. Still,

it was 46-34 at the half, and never were figures so revealing. Russell had five assists and Michigan led in rebounds 27-17.

It was well into the second half before Duke's fast break really worked. The spark at first was Steve Vancendak, a 6-foot-1 forward (the little team was back), and then 6-foot sophomore Bob Verga took over. His drive—Verga's sixth straight point and Duke's fourth straight score off the break—finally evened the game at 69-69 with 5:10 to go. The teams matched a basket each till the big nose off the boards sounded: those three straight scoring rebounds, and it was all over.

Duke proved two things with the loss, however. The success of its tiny team indicates that the way to play Michigan is the way Bubas had been claiming all along—with as much speed and pressure defense as you can muster. It is pointless to try to match Michigan's size. At the same time, unfortunately, Duke's forcing style revealed that Michigan also can run. The Wolverines, in fact, had much more success with the fast break in the first half than Duke did—thanks in great part to Russell's passing. John Thompson, the other Michigan guard, had four assists to bolster his claim to the only open spot on the starting five.

Significantly, that spot was held last year by Bobby Cantrell, who was accustomed to setting up plays in deliberate style. "Bobby liked to slow the action down," says Strack. "The general rule we followed then was not to shoot off the break unless you had the extra man—two-on-one, or three-on-two. But this year we say if you have the good shot on the break, take it." What Strack has done, essentially, is to try to counter the speed he anticipates from opponents with speed of his own. He couldn't do it for 40 minutes against Duke, but he did it enough to win convincingly.

"Look," said Michigan Captain Larry Tregoning after the game, "all those sportswriters say we're not fast. They're wrong. Even Big Bill [Buntin] is fast. Everybody on this team is fast."

Everybody on this team is also bursting with muscle, and power remains Michigan's hole card. Like when the score is 71-71 and the good shots aren't dropping—on comes the roll of drums and that *Awful Chorus*. Boom, boom, boom. boom. **END**

Rolling in for layups, Cazzie Russell gets one of his nine goals. Mostly he set up others.



Some Ships of the Desert



Anyone who thinks a yacht club has to be near the water underestimates the enthusiasm and tenacity of a lot of yachtsmen. On prairies and deserts all over the U.S., ardent sailormen are proving that a trailer and a highway and the scent of water somewhere over the horizon are just as conducive to clear sailing as a cozy inlet and a handy mooring. One such group, shown above on Thanksgiving weekend as its members chart a course past an abandoned mining town in Arizona, calls itself Los Guajalotes (the Waterdogs) after a small desert lizard that often ends up in the water as live bait. Businessmen, plumbers and insurance agents, housewives, trained nurses and auto mechanics, the Waterdogs all live in and around Albuquerque and have in common a love for the water. Their semiarid surroundings have not halted their yachting activities for a moment. For the

last five years, whenever the urge has struck, the Waterdogs have loaded their boats aboard trailers, packed the trunks of their cars with tents, provisions, and life jackets, baby nurseries and other necessities of the seafaring life and headed out along the highway for a cruise on Shasta Lake, Elephant Butte Reservoir, Conchas, Lake Mead or any of a dozen distant bodies of water. Two weeks ago they puffed and panted across 550 miles of desert and mountain before arriving at the edge of Lake Mojave. There they pitched tents along the shore, hoisted their club burgee, ate a plump turkey dinner and got a good night's sleep. Next morning they launched the boats and spent their holiday fishing, water skiing and just plain zipping up and down the lake. Then they packed up again and drove the 550 miles back to Albuquerque. It was, they all agreed, a splendid day on the water.

on a Long, Long Safari



PHIL BATH

A TRIUMPH FOR TWO SWINGERS

In a Hawaiian setting that offered palm trees, luxury hotels, Pacific surf and even hula lessons, Jack Nicklaus and Arnold Palmer played powerful golf to win the Canada Cup for the U.S. **by ALFRED WRIGHT**

The Canada Cup was first put up in 1953 for "the furtherance of good fellowship and better understanding among the nations of the world through the medium of international golf competition," and—unlike a lot of similarly motivated sporting events—it has not yet been the occasion of any serious breach of the international peace. The 12th renewal of the cup matches was played last week at the Royal Kaaunapali Golf Course on the island of Maui, and it was no exception to this happy rule. The languorous climate of the Hawaiian Islands seemed to materially dull the combative spirit, and any truculence that remained was quashed by Jack Nicklaus

and Arnold Palmer, whose team victory for the U.S. was both completely expected and utterly overwhelming. Thus, save for a total of 20 hours or so of competition under the tropic sun, the 68 golfers representing 34 countries or states or islands or commonwealths or whatever might well have been so many cases of hypertension assigned to a rest cure.

Ostensibly, all this golfing talent traveled to Hawaii for the laudable and high-minded purpose of capturing a couple of huge trophies for their fatherlands—the gold-plated Canada Cup for the winning team and the equally impressive silver International Trophy for the low individual score. But these players are

professionals (except for the Austrians, a country that apparently has no golf pros), so there was some lucre on the line as well. Nicklaus and Palmer, as team winners, split \$2,000 between them, with lesser money for second, third and fourth places. The winning individual (Nicklaus again, with a fine 72-69-65-70) took home \$1,000, and so on down the ranks. Such sums may look like subway tokens to Arnie and Jack, but to the foreign pro any prize money can bring considerable Christmas cheer.

Aside from such crass emoluments, a trip to this year's Canada Cup provided the golfers with the kind of working holiday that only millionaires and expen-

SPOTTED IN A RESTAURANT CROWD, JACK AND ARNE WERE INVEIGLED ONSTAGE FOR A FAST AND FUNNY FLING AT THE HULA



account society can afford nowadays. From as far away as the Middle East and the lower reaches of South America, they were delivered free of charge to a tropical island as improbable as Bali H'ai. They were put up in one of the two gorgeously posh hotels on its western shore—the Royal Lahaina and the Sheraton-Mau, which share the Royal Kaaupali Golf Course as a backyard. On arrival, every player was given \$500 walking-around money that was almost impossible to get rid of except by shooting craps.

In exchange for all this the visiting golfers had to listen to only about an hour's worth of speeches at a Meet the Players dinner and assay four rounds of golf on a Robert Trent Jones course that is long on scenery and yardage. The rest of the time was their own, and they spent it in ways that reflected both their personalities and their nationalities.

The British, who were split into teams representing England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, sat on the front porch of the cottage they shared at the Royal Lahaina in the immemorial way of all Britons who find themselves in the tropics. While the earnest and industrious Swedes and Swiss and Japanese and Chinese practiced tirelessly, the British lounged on their veranda and watched, rising only at times to get to the first tee for their matches.

The Italians and the Spaniards and the South Americans wandered dreamily around the lobby and poolside of the Sheraton-Mau admiring the Capri pants. "We were a little worried about having the tournament in such an out-of-the-way place as Maui," observed one Canada Cup official, eyeing the expressions of some of the darkly handsome, young Latin-type golfers, "because we felt there wouldn't be quite enough for some of the fellows to do in the evening. But they seem to be getting along just fine. I still don't quite understand where all the girls came from."

Most of the seasoned veterans of the U.S. tournament circuit—Palmer and Nicklaus, Bruce Devlin and Bruce Crampton of Australia and Bob Charles of New Zealand—brought their wives but, then, they are all golf-rich enough to afford such a luxury. While the wives sat and watched from the lanais of the cottages, Palmer and Nicklaus whiled away the off hours putting against one another and such friends as Gary Play-

er on the practice green alongside the beach. It was jarring to see them stroking their putts while wearing bathing trunks instead of their personality monogrammed golfing togs, just as it had been unsettling to watch the beefy Nicklaus play a practice round in Bermuda shorts. Since shorts are not permitted on the PGA tour, Nicklaus felt he should ask Tournament Director Fred Corcoran if it was all right to wear them at the Canada Cup. "I looked at him, and my first impulse was to tell him they weren't allowed," said Corcoran. "But, after all, everybody wears shorts in Hawaii."

At night the touring pros and their wives stayed pretty much together, talking shop as if this were Memphis or Phoenix or Akron. They tended to skip the planned dinners and festivities, preferring to seek out some of the island's surprisingly good restaurants. On Friday—passing up a chance to join the hot pug circuit at a \$10 luau—Palmer and Nicklaus went to the Tahitian Room of the Kaaupali Hotel, an establishment so new that the front door is not even finished yet. There they were hauled up on the stage and given lessons in the hula by a pair of lithe Hawaiian misses with exceptional backswings. "They call it music," said a perplexed Palmer later. "Well, it is not music I could ever dance to."

But, despite the lackadaisical setting, the early-morning dips in the ocean and the late-afternoon drinks with the sun setting gloriously on the horizon, both Nicklaus and Palmer were as charged up on the golf course as if this were the U.S. Open. There is something about the chemistry of this pair that revs the engines of both. Whether it is putting in bathing trunks or playing for the good old Stars and Stripes, these two irrepressible competitors stimulate one another just by the challenge of the other's presence. One senses it particularly in the friendly needling that goes on between them, such as Nicklaus' frequent gibes at Palmer's putting. After Arnold had set a new course record with a seven-under-par 65 during the pre-am tournament on the day before the matches started, someone asked Nicklaus if Palmer had been putting well. "No, not particularly," Jack replied, giving Arnold a quick glance. "He missed one of eight feet and another of 12 feet. No, his putting was off."

Actually, Palmer's putting showed

flashes of being better than it had been in several years, and this on greens that were giving many of the golfers trouble. Formed of a grass called Seaside bent that has been developed to withstand the erosion of salt air and mist, the greens were particularly susceptible to spike marks and extremely humpy after a few loursomes had walked over them. This did not seem to bother Palmer at all—at least it didn't for a while. "The reason I like these greens," he said, "is because you can read them so clearly. They have a lot of dips in them but the grain is always consistent, so you know just how the ball is going to behave."

The fact that there were any greens at all at Royal Kaaupali was in itself something of an achievement. Less than two months before the matches were scheduled to begin, Tournament Director Corcoran and Sidney L. James, the chairman of the Canada Cup matches, visited the course to give it a final tour of inspection. To their horror they discovered that most of the greens were completely unplayable and two of the fairways were out of service. They learned there had recently been a change in greenkeepers, and the new one may have been using too much of Maui's brackish irrigation water on the greens. A call was put through to Trent Jones in New York, and he hurried out with an agronomist, Dr. O. J. Noer, a man widely known for his work with grass. Dr. Noer prescribed some emergency medication, and by late November Royal Kaaupali was again playable, although there had been serious thought of moving the matches to another Hawaiian course.

On Thursday morning Palmer and Nicklaus began to show how playable the 7,200-yard Royal Kaaupali course really was as they set out to make a luau of the opposition. Driving better than he has at any time since the Masters in April and putting with complete confidence, Palmer turned in rounds of 66, 67, 67 to put himself 16 strokes under par by Sunday. At one point he was so chuffed that the sound of an Hawaiian concho floating across the fairways set him to undulating in what the locals described as a Tahitian hula. Nicklaus started slower and said he felt lousy, but there was nothing indolent about his 65 on Saturday. It tied Palmer's three-day-old record and put Nicklaus 10 under par for three rounds. As the last round started on Sunday morning the team competi-

Continued

tion was simply a formality—the U.S. was 26 under par, nine strokes better than the South African team of Gary Player and Denis Hutchison. In the individual competition, Player—hitting the ball excellently after a two-month layoff—was in second place, three strokes behind Palmer. The U.S. and South Africa were paired together, and a South Sea Island division of Arnie's Army was born. Virtually the entire gallery of more than 7,000 trailed this foursome, causing Nicklaus to observe, "How did they all get here? Swim?"

If they did, they got wet to see some strange golf. Play was slow right from the beginning—it took six hours to finish the round—and this seemed to take its toll of Palmer's good spirits, to say nothing of his performance. While Nicklaus was displaying some of his best golf, birdieing three of the first five holes and outdriving Palmer and Player by as much as 50 yards, Arnold lost his control

over the ball and finally his concentration. By the end of nine holes, Palmer's big lead was down to a single stroke over Jack and Gary. The remainder of the match produced some of the most erratic golf these champions have ever played. At one point Nicklaus got three strokes ahead, but then drove into the water at the 15th and three-putted the 16th. Finally, only some almost ludicrous flailings by Arnold—who finished with a 78 to Jack's 70—and Player enabled Nicklaus to win the individual trophy for the second year in a row. Palmer was two strokes back at 278, and Player tied for third at 279 with chubby Ted Makulena, a powerful if somewhat inconsistent local pro who naturally carried the good wishes of the natives. In spite of the finish, the big trophy, the Canada Cup itself, was safely in U.S. hands. Palmer and Nicklaus, posting a total score of 554, broke the tournament's team record, gave the United States its fifth

straight Canada Cup win, and left second-place Argentina 11 strokes behind.

Even with its bizarre ending, Hawaii's first major sporting event was a solid success. The air was warm, the skies were clear and the trade winds that normally blast across Royal Kuanapali happily refused to blow, as if by supreme decree of the demigod Maui himself. In such a setting, tournament golf can be one of the most idyllic professions known to man—second, perhaps, to loafing. It would take a real curmudgeon to find anything to carp at under the circumstances, but one of the 23 newsmen brought to Maui on the cuff by the Canada Cup committee from as far away as Europe and Japan filed that specification. A correspondent from London, he complained to Fred Corcoran that Maui was a poor location for an international golf tournament. "This place," he grumbled, nursing his plaster's punch, "is only for millionaires."

END

THE SETTING MAY BE TROPICALLY EXOTIC, BUT THE INTENSE REACTION IS OH SO FAMILIAR AS PALMER DRIVES A LONG TEE SHOT





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Now is the season of menacing parties at which the sports fan finds himself drowning in a sea of quasi-cultural talk. Here is how one culture-poor but baseball-rich slob saves face **by ROBERT CREAMER**

I REMEMBER LUCADELLO

One of the troubles with being a baseball fan is that it tends to ruin you culturally. Not that an intense interest in baseball means that you can't understand art or read good books or really appreciate music. You can enjoy the arts easily enough; the trouble is you can't talk about them. You don't know the names. Your cultural growth was smothered in the all-important learning years when teachers were tossing out Fragonard and Vivaldi and Henry Fielding and you were taking in—in my case—the batting order of the 1932 New York Yankees. Combs, Sewell, Ruth, Gehrig, Lazzeri, Dickey, Chapman, Crossett . . . it comes back like remembered verse, if only I had had time in those days to memorize verse.

Through all of those impressionable years there was an extraordinary pre-occupation with batting orders, batting

averages, batting slumps, even bats themselves. The shape, color and surface texture of a brown Babe Ruth model bat is as vivid in my mind today as it was when Rickey Schultz, I think it was, got one for his birthday 30 years ago. I have been in the museums on the Campidoglio in Rome and I remember the magnificent pieces of Greek and Roman art that I saw there, but not the way I remember that bat; it was a lovely bat.

If, at a cocktail party, someone were to bring up the 1934 Cardinals or the 1939 Dodgers (Durocher's first, you recall) or the 1931 Athletics, I could ease into the conversation effortlessly, appreciating what my companion had to say and adding enlightening bits and fragments of my own. But if the conversation falls on Paul Klee or that French painter named David whose first name I can't recall but who did a nice portrait

of a girl sitting by a window in the sun wearing what looks like a nightgown, I choke a little. I tighten up. I don't honestly believe that the people I am listening to necessarily have any stronger feelings, one way or the other, about that David painting than I do, but they can talk about it a whole lot better. They know its name, and they know David's name. His first name. What do I know? I know that Bobo Newsom's real name was Louis and that his nickname was Buck before it was Bobo. See how far you'll get trying that on the next person who brings up Verlaine or poor, tortured Rimbaud at a party.

Nevertheless, there is hope for our lost generation, the one that thinks of St. Louis when the Browns are mentioned and Boston when people ask about the Braves. All we need do is adopt a gambit devised by my friend Giles Strafolino,

continued

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REMEMBER LUCADELLO

who had what should have been an excellent education at a fine secondary school in Philadelphia and later at Amherst, except that he spent most of his time studying Line Drive Nelson and Herman Besse and other Philadelphia Athletics of the late '30s and early '40s. The gambit has been partly-tested by Giles with amazing success.

Giles concluded, as I often have, that the talkers with all the right names at their fingertips were merely firing for effect and actually did not know much more about art or music, for instance, than he did. So he invented a few names. Now, at opportune moments, he drops them casually into the conversation with just enough impact to score points but not with such vigor as to invite questions. The names cannot be purely fictional; they have to be vaguely familiar to his listeners. He feels that very few cultured people (cultured in this case meaning knowing the right names, *arwise*) know very much about baseball, because it is obvious to Giles from his own experience (and I, of course, back him all the way on this) that no one has time to learn both.

One evening over a martini he casually dropped the name of a good right-handed pitcher the Chicago Cubs had in the '40s. "Just the other day," he said, "I saw a rather attractive landscape by Claude Pissseau in a little gallery in Greenwich Village." It worked, because he had gotten Pissseau in and out of the conversation and had left his listeners in the little gallery in the Village, the location of which he could not quite remember. That is a vital part of the Strafolino technique; divert the attention of the bull, as they say in Spain. Let him see the man, but fix his mind on the cloth. Whole cloth, I suppose.

The technique prospered. Now, if Giles finds the talk has turned to music he might mention a Victor Red Seal record he picked up in a secondhand store of Lucadello singing arias from a Berar-

dino opera—one of the early ones, he can't remember the name. This confession of partial ignorance is a marvelous camouflage. No one else can remember the early Bernardino opera either, and naturally no one knows, as Strafolino does, that John Lucadello and Johnny Bernardino were on the old St. Louis Browns together.

Following Strafolino's lead, I have developed my own bullpen of helpful names. Some I have not used yet, but others have put in quite a few innings. Of course, one trouble is, you start to get cocky. I mentioned one night that I had seen three fine marble busts by Portocarrero in a show window on the Via Condotti that were priced at only 100,000 lire each. I drew instant attention and the perfect reaction. Forgetting Portocarrero (Arnold, who last pitched for the Baltimore Orioles in 1960), someone, smug in his knowledge of the exchange value of the lira, said, "Why, that's only about \$160 apiece."

But Portocarrero made me bold, and a little later I acted rashly. The conversation had turned to mosaic and then to inlaid wood and finally to the great Renaissance woodcarvers (Donatello was one, I believe, though to me it's Donatelli) and he's an umpire whose first name is Augie. German names were bouncing around, and without thinking I said, "Did any of you ever see those interesting wooden altar pieces by Cletus Poff-



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In art the author likes abstractions by Edward Kienholz, unless Mei fang are new.

the old churches of Germany, and I escaped, but it was close.

Occasionally, I have tossed in a few Del Grecos, which is close enough to El Greco to be cheating, but Bobby was an artist in the outfield and I only use him as a throwaway. I am more forthright with Bissone and Jacques Fournier of my French school (both were Brooklyn Dodger first basemen in the dim days hopefully beyond recall). And I am equally confident when, in discussing the Italians, I bring in Camilli the Elder; he was yet another Brooklyn first baseman, and his son, Camilli the Younger, who never paints much for me, is currently a Dodger catcher. Orsatti, a St. Louis Cardinal outfielder, comes in handy when discoursing on Italian wine. Dave DeBusschere, a Chicago White Sox pitcher, is another amusing little wine, but you have to be careful with a DeBusschere, since French wine connoisseurs are rather knowing and insatiably curious about an *appellation* they are not familiar with.

Modern art is a little tougher. I have gotten away with "a brilliant landscape by Mele, done almost entirely in burnt umber muted with peanut oil." Peanut oil turns attention away from Sam, a good outfielder and an unlucky manager. But again I almost came a cropper when I

continued



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mentioned several abstractions by Edward Kranepool. I had forgotten that the Mets have become a cult almost as much as Jackson Pollock has and that the oddest people are aware that Ed Kranepool is their bonus-baby first baseman. I was much safer with a contemporary Italian sculptor named Antonelli (John pitched the New York Giants to a pennant in 1954) and in describing a humorous though rather satirical series of collages by Pappas (Milt of the Baltimore Orioles).

Music is fairly easy. I wasn't at all worried when I tossed in Schoendienst's *Composizioni for Cello and Cellope*.



Antonelli, a contemporary Italian sculptor, once pitched the Giants to a pennant.

which I described as an experiment in dissonant harmonies. I had a little trouble getting out of the dissonant harmonic swamp, but none of my pursuers apparently had ever heard of Red, the incomparable second baseman. A Ratz symphony slipped by easily, at just about the time Dick was breaking the old American League record for appearances by a relief pitcher, and I felt so sure of myself when I got to talking about the Jimmy De Shong-Russ Van Atta musicals of the early 1930s that I had some of my listeners remembering the titles of their songs. None, however, remembered that De Shong and Van Atta had been American League pitchers from 1933 to 1939.

I have seldom needed to refer to literature, but I am ready. I want to cite some of the rare first editions I could lay my hands on if only I had the money—a copy of Pound's *Poems* (Vada, of the

continued

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REMEMBER LUCADELLO

Cincinnati Reds) and a wonderful leather-bound edition of Walberg's *Life Of George Earnshaw*. Earnshaw was a pretty famous pitcher in his day, the second man on the Athletics' staff after Lefty Grove, and I just might have trouble sneaking him by. But I doubt that any of the critics will know that Walberg, the redoubtable Rube, was the third man behind Grove and Earnshaw, and perhaps the juxtaposition of names will throw them off. If so, then I plan to praise



Schubert's "Composition for Cello" is a masterpiece of virtuosic harmony.

the Modern Library for reprinting the Max Bishop translation of Louis Chiozza's short stories. Max was the second baseman who played behind Grove, Earnshaw and Walberg (their locker room was the Mermaid Tavern, as far as I'm concerned), and Lou Chiozza was a third baseman for the Giants who is best remembered for breaking his leg in the middle of the 1939 season.

I don't know how far I will push this I have Oregano (Joe) on tap if we ever get onto Mexican painters and Heintzelman (Ken) for German composers. Any day now I plan to get the conversation around to Norwegian literature just so I can mention an obscure but profoundly influential 19th century novelist named Arndt Jorgens (who otherwise was only a second-string catcher on pennant-winning Yankee teams in the '30s).

And if I do that I will reward myself by saying to a passing waiter, who will be proffering a tray of drinks, "No, thanks. I'm a little tired of gin and tonic. Would you ask the bartender if he could make me a branch rickey?"

END

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PAINTINGS BY MILTON GLASER



Many states offer a flowing bowl of championship football as a midwinter pick-me-up for the nation's spectator sports fans. But the state of Florida, never one to be backward, goes the rest of the states one better. It fills its holiday Orange Bowl with a whole fruit punch of assorted sports events that lasts for three weeks. Even Florida's drab gray elephants are required to get into fancy dress for the parade through Miami that keynotes the festival.



Whether caught on a beach waiting through the night for the races to begin or in a moment of catastrophe by day (below), hydroplanes on Biscayne Bay make a characteristic splash of color.





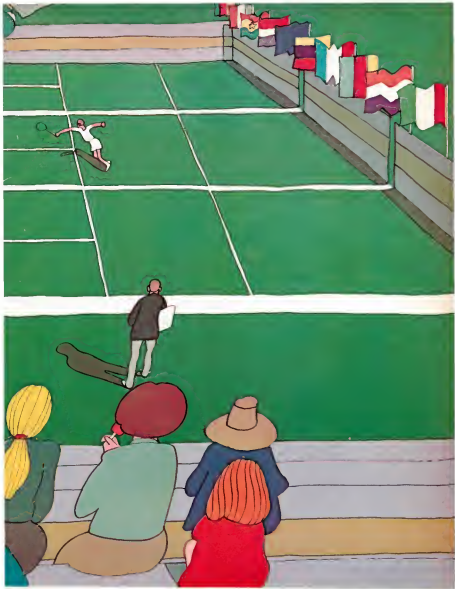
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new Marine Stadium, main unit in the \$2.7 million complex where the annual Orange Bowl Regatta is held.



Teen-age tennis players from all over the world rendezvous in Florida in December to take part in the annual



junior tennis tournament, where Davis and Wightman cup stars of the future make their promise shine in the sun.



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Despite the ingratitude of upstate New York voters, Senator **Keneth Keating** managed to swallow some upstate champagne to help his office girls celebrate a birthday. Sun-tanned and smiling after two weeks in the Virgin Islands, Keating even managed to joke about newspaper stories consigning him variously to Hollywood, to the baseball commissionership and to television. But what he really wanted to talk about was fishing. Trolling with Wyatt and **Nancy Dickerson** (the NBC newscaster) off St. Thomas, Keating had caught a 7-foot 1-inch sailfin, five wahoo and one barracuda and was eager to boast about it. "My one plan now is to go back and land bigger ones," he said.

"I'm so nervous I'm shaking all over," said the weekend tennis player from Newport and points west as he stepped on the courts at New York's River Club to play with two former champions. But after the match was over, Davis Cuppers **Dick Savitt** and **Bill Talbert** agreed that **Jackie Kennedy** could hold her own on any court. Jackie and Dick beat Bill and his partner 6-4 in the first set and dropped the second by the same score. "She's a real competitor," said a pouting Talbert later.

A war that ended two years ago spoiled opening ceremonies of Europe's first year-round competitive artificial ski piste. Lyons Mayor Louis Pradel had invited Annapurna conqueror **Maurice Herzog**, now Gaullist Minister of Youth and Sports, and Olympic champions **François Bonlieu** and **Marcelle** and **Christine Gotschel** to inaugurate the 950-foot-long, 250-foot-drop trail on the slopes of Fourvière. All accepted. Then the mayor made the mistake of criticizing the Gaullist regime for its handling of the recent Algerian crisis. "In these circumstances," said Herzog, taking his huffy leave, "it is not desirable for the Minister of

Youth and Sports to participate in the Lyons ceremony."

The sweet life in Rome was marred by at least one sour note for **Sugar Ray Robinson**. The highlight of his visit was supposed to be an audience with the Pope, but before Sugar got to the Vatican he dropped in at the Colosseum. There, nattily dressed in a white jump suit, he went a few unorthodox rounds with onetime Mr. America (now the ex-Mr. Jayne Mansfield) **Mickey Hargitay**, who was dressed as a Roman gladiator (below). Their audience was a random group of Romans and three starlets from Cinecittà who were scarcely dressed at all. Somehow or another, after that episode, arrangements for a papal audience bogged down. Later on, in one of Rome's most glittering niteries, pious Sugar philosophized on the comigity of worldliness and holiness in the Eternal City. "It is easy," he said, "to defend one's faith far from all temptation."

The night before the opening of the elk season, New Mexico Governor **Jack Campbell** left his warm office in sunny Santa Fe to camp overnight in the snow in the Pecos Wilderness Area. Temperature outside the

tent was zero, the snow was 12 inches deep, and the elk wholly eluded his sights. "I'm really a fisherman," the governor said after one day of it, and departed.

Although Cleveland's stage-struck Left Fielder **Leon Wagner** needs glasses to see properly, he eschewed spectacles during the Indians' 1964 season in the hope that a movie scout in the stands would be overwhelmed by his handsome visage. Now that he has got a role in the TV series *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*, Wagner says he will make a concession—he will wear tinted contact lenses next season.

Walking along Manhattan's 50th Street minding his own business, **Floyd Patterson** was suddenly and unceremoniously seized and stuffed—protesting—into a taxi by Baritone **Robert Goulet**, who wanted help in the celebration of a great event. The event was the birth of his first son, which Mrs. Goulet (nee Carol Lawrence) had delivered with enthusiasm via psycho-prophylaxis, or natural childbirth. Fortified by six weeks of Slow Chest Breathing and Mild Effleurage of Abdomen, Rapid Patting and Pam-Blow Breathing, psycho-prophylactic

patient Carol—in her own words—"felt bright, alert and thrilled the minute the baby was born." Only moments after delivery she greeted the ex-heavyweight champion in her hospital room as enthusiastically as a light promoter with a million-dollar guarantee and a return-bout clause. "Poor Floyd," she said afterward. "He did look extremely embarrassed."

By courtesy of the White House, Secretary of the Interior **Stewart Udall** was a three-letter man for the duration of one luncheon. Introducing Udall to U.S. Olympic medal winners, President Johnson praised his Secretary's former prowess as a star player on the University of Arizona baseball team. A subsequent White House transcript of L.B.J.'s remarks corrected the statement to make Mr. Udall an iron man on Arizona's football team. Then UPI stepped in to explain that the Secretary was neither of these things, but an All-Border Conference guard on the Arizona basketball team in 1946. In actual fact, Stewart was just a run-of-the-floor basketball player at Arizona. His brother, **Morris Udall**, currently the Democratic Congressman from Arizona, was the all-conference man. Is that clear?



A high time on a low tide

A minus tide on the coast of Puget Sound is a plus for geoduc hunters who march to the beaches to battle the giant bivalves man to clam

In the lush and spectacular Pacific Northwest, where everything seems bigger than life-size and massive white-topped mountains tower above waters filled with fish, the natives have a saying that goes, "When the tide is out, the table is set." Few places in the world can claim so diverse and extravagant an abundance of aquatic life.

Almost 10,000 miles of rivers and streams flow through the state of Washington, teeming with steelheads and cut-throats, Dolly Vardens, rainbows, brook trout and silvers. From Washington's southwest corner, where the great Columbia River rushes to meet the sea and each new tide casts fanciful shapes upon one of the longest sand beaches anywhere, north past tall stands of Douglas fir to stark, rock remnants of vanishing shoreline standing sentry at the Strait of Juan de Fuca, the Pacific Ocean yields a bountiful bouillabaisse of halibut and cod, salmon, sole, flounder, smelt and herring, albacore, octopus and squid. To the east, the 200 square miles of Puget Sound stretch like a vast inland sea around the Kitsap Peninsula and across to the mainland, forming a maze of coves, harbors and long-fingered fjords abounding with shrimp and salmon, Dungeness crabs and Olympia oysters.

In the midst of so much plenty it seems hardly sensible that anyone would bother going after a catch that requires extensive preliminary hunting to locate, as much as half an hour of backbreaking effort to land, is limited strictly to three a day and is taken only at minus low tides which, depending upon the uncertain cooperation of the moon, occur at best no more than two or three days each month. But sense notwithstanding, whole waves of Washingtonians—as well as a sizable number of out-of-staters—rove the flats at these minus tides. To further confound credibility, the quarry that has lured them away from salmon

and trout, not to mention family and friends, is, of all things, a clam—a clam with the improbable name geoduc (pronounced gooey-duck by all true buffs).

But, say the geoduc hunters, this is no ordinary clam. A giant among bivalves, a geoduc's body is much too big for its shell. Some weigh as much as 10 pounds, most of which is rich, succulent meat. Even as a clamlet, before it settles into its world of mud and ooze, a geoduc cannot close its shell around its oversized body. By the time it reaches 15 or 16 years, not an uncommon age for the creature, its meager mantle resembles a scanty pair of wings enfolding the meaty breast of a fat roast goose. Indeed, the geoduc is rumored to have been named on a duck hunt. In the late 1800s, while wild-

the Atlantic coast. The elegant Empress Hotel in Victoria served geoducs at the turn of the century several times each year. So prized, in fact, was this clam that in 1926 the Washington state legislature passed a special bill banning the harvest of the clam. It is still protected today with myriad rules and regulations usually associated with other game creatures. And this is as it could be, for the geoduc is a game clam indeed—it is always sticking its neck out.

While the rest of the clam's body is settling peacefully into the sandy world below Puget Sound, its neck is invariably poking around looking for action. Since the neck when extended is anywhere from one and a half to three times longer than the body and often grows one to two feet long, the geoduc frequently finds the excitement it seems to seek. As long as the tide is in, such antics are safe. But when the tide goes out far enough, the game is no longer the same.

Up and down the newly bared beaches prowled the geoduc hunters, carefully checking the sand for signs of activity below. Many stagger under an incongruous assortment of oversized stovepipes, shovels and camp coolers. Others carry nothing at all. Sometimes they come in pairs, sometimes they bring the family,



fowling near Olympia, one John Gowey is said to have discovered the giant clam at the edge of a minus tide. He shot no birds that day, but he brought home three of the wondrous bivalves which became known as "Gowey's ducks."

In the early days of the West, the U.S. Fisheries Commission ranked the geoduc the top clam of the Pacific shoreline and tried unsuccessfully to transplant it to

but most of the time they hunt alone. For geoduc hunting, like sky diving and cliff hanging, is a solitary sport. It is a lonely contest between man and clam.

Probably no one understands this better than Ivar Haglund, a round and robust restaurateur from Seattle who has locked himself in combat with the clam on all the major beachheads of its range. Geoducs have been found as far north

as the Queen Charlotte Islands and as far south as Elkhorn Slough in California. Ivar has stalked them in the soft sands of Discovery Bay, on the long strip of beach at Alki Point where pioneers first landed, through the eddies of the Hood Canal, across the flats of Cultus Bay and down the shores of Vashon Island. His narrow mustache twitches like an electric toothbrush in need of a recharge as he recalls the encounters, citing each geoduc individually, reviewing each conquest and defeat.

"You wouldn't believe the things that clam has put me through," Ivar explodes, and his jaws quiver with the memory. "You don't just go out anytime to hunt them, you know. Oh, they're there all the time, but they're tricky. They stay just outside the regular tides, and you can't find them underwater without skin diving for them. You have to wait for a low, low tide, then you sneak out to about five feet from where it turns. Sometimes you walk so far you think you have crossed into Canada. Then you spot this spout of water coming up out of the sand and you know this is it.

"You get out the clam gun—that's what we call the shovels out here—and you get to work. You dig, and you dig, and you dig. Pretty soon the hole is two feet across and three feet deep and there is still no sign of the infernal clam. That's when you get rid of the shovel.

"Then you get down on your belly and you reach into that hole with both hands. The more you grope around, the faster the hole fills in. Mud and sand fall down the sides. Water seeps up from below. Did you ever try to dig anything out of a pile of sawdust? Finally you grab the clam. You get both hands around this enormous neck that will never fit back in its shell, and you pull.

"Imagine yourself trying to exert every ounce of energy you have to get this clam out of the hole. It feels like it's under a rock. All of a sudden, everything you dug out falls back on you and you're lying there half-buried in sand, trying to hang onto that great big slippery neck with one hand and slinging mud over your shoulder with the other.

"Some people put these big pipes down the hole to keep the sides from caving in," Ivar explains, "but real sport hunters want no part of them. They're not illegal like killing the clam by shoving a stick down its neck, but they still

continued

Gift
wrapped
in plaid
stripes



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HUNTING *cont'd*

take some of the challenge out of the sport.

"After a while that hole seems about a mile wide, and the bottom keeps getting farther away. Your fingers are all raw and full of sand, and you think you can't go on. Then that neck starts slipping out of your hand, and you know you won't give up. No clam is going to get the best of you. You get a fresh grip and start pulling again. By now you are so far down in the hole that your head is inside it and you have to shovel like mad to keep from drowning. Every time you give that clam a piece of your mind, you wind up with a mouthful of sand. The harder you pull, the madder you get. This is no game anymore. This is man against clam to the end!

"All of a sudden something wet splashes over your feet and you realize the end is closer than you think. You do a quick time check, but this is for laughs. There is only one thing it can mean, and you know it. The tide is on its way in, and you are going to have one helluva hike to stay ahead of it. You put everything you've got into one last back-wrenching effort to yank that blasted bivalve out of the hole, and suddenly the clam quits and comes free. You straighten up, heaving like you're about to have a heart attack and clutching two feet of neck attached to a bucket-sized body, you take a fast look over your shoulder, postpone the heart attack and run like you have never run before to beat that water back to shore.

"Now, that's no ordinary clam that can do that to a man," Ivar adds, and if anyone is qualified to say so, he is. After 58 years of catching and cooking clams and even singing about them, only another clam could know more. He has written a book of ballads to the clam, including a touching ode to the geoduck, and he has sung about clams to his own guitar accompaniment. To the radio and television audience Ivar is known as the Troubadour of the Tidelands.

Besides singing about the clam, he also sponsors Ivar Haglund's World's Championship Clam Eating Contest every April and is currently secretary of the International Free Style Amateur Clam Eating Contest Association, which has headquarters at Pier 54 in Seattle.

By remarkable coincidence, this is the very spot on which Ivar's Acres of Clams restaurant is also located. Here, within whistle call of one of the world's largest

ferry fleets, hundreds of commercial fishermen deposit their catches each day, while Seattle's fireboats and Ivar's customers look on. Inside the restaurant Ivar presides over an incredible clutter of sea horses, ship models, clocks, compasses, life preservers, ships' wheels, copper buckets, driftwood, fishbone mobiles, yachting flags, iron skillets, carved mermaids, plaster-of-paris lobsters, cracked crockery, Japanese fishing balls, calcified blowfish, sharks' jaws, seine nets, seashells and about 30 varieties of clam guns.

Somewhat resembling a winsome walrus surfacing after a storm, Ivar waddles among the tables spouting salty and corny slogans ("Keep clam and let the chips fall on the tray"), smells suspiciously through the kitchens ("You can always tell by the sniff and smell if the seafood is really fresh") and energetically churns a canoe paddle through a 50-gallon stainless-steel tank of chowder.

"It takes lots of energy, strength and

pluck to catch the elusive goodue," Ivar sings, lumbering up on a stool to peer over the edge of the pot into its simmering brew. "Because we can't sell goodue in any form we must try to match its true glory with other clams," says Ivar, now on straight patter. "This is impossible, of course. It takes genius to even come close. We do have a clam bisque that is ambrosia and clam nectar so potent I must refuse to sell more than three cups to any married man without his wife's consent, but I would not dare sell even one cup of goodue chowder. It's just as well it is against the law. If I ever put it on the menu, I'd start a goodue riot. Before you know it, nobody would be eating any other seafoods, everybody would be out hunting goodues and Puget Sound would be swamped with strangers. Why, even the whole economy might collapse. No, the risk is too great."

If anybody happens to catch a goodue and wants to cook it, here is Ivar's advice: "One goodue will serve six hungry

people. Wash and rinse in cold water, then pour boiling water over the entire clam. This opens the shell. Insert the blade of a short, sharp knife between the shell and the body meat to sever the muscle. Lift out the meat and wash in cold water. Discard the innards. Trim off the black end of the upper neck, then pour boiling water over all and let it cool. Peel back the outer skin and grind the meat for fritters or chowder." Here is one of Ivar's recipes:

GOODUE FRITTERS

2 cups chopped goodue	1½ tsp. salt
1½ cups sifted flour	2 eggs, beaten
1 lbs. baking powder	1 cup milk
½ tsp. nutmeg	2 tsp. grated onion
	1 lbs. butter, melted

Drain clams. Sift all dry ingredients together. Combine eggs, milk, onion, butter and clams. Pour into dry ingredients and stir until smooth. Drop batter by teaspoonfuls into hot fat (350°) and fry about three minutes or until golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper and serve. **Chew well.** **END**



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<i>Business Roundup</i>	27
<i>The Makings of a Cycle</i>	
<i>Businessmen in the News</i>	39
<i>Business Around the Globe</i>	53
<i>The Adventures of Mr. Bloom</i>	
<i>Personal Investing</i>	65
<i>Money on the Banks</i>	
<i>Letters to Fortune</i>	84
<i>The Editor's Desk</i>	93
<i>Editorial</i>	95
<i>Two Sides of the Tape</i>	

FORTUNE

October 1964

Fortune's Wheel a review of this issue 2

1964: "A Chance to Look at Ourselves" by Mary Ware 103

The Drivers by Walter Clummett, Jr.

The Crisis on New York's Newspaper Row by F. A. Wise 110

Jack Whitney: Unclassified Capitalist 115

Will the Computer Outwit Man? by Gilbert Burek 120

(Last of a series)

Big Dogs, Little Dogs, and the Air Cargo Bone 122

by Seymour Freedgood

The Third Force in Urban Renewal by Hubert Kay 130

Ten Buildings That Point the Future (A Portfolio) 134

How They Put "Gusto" into Schlitz by William Bonen 106

The Alchemy of Ultrahigh Pressure by George A. W. Boehm 115

Structure & Design 177

Products & Processes 201

Let's Tax Loss by Christian Castberg 250

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*"The Drivers"
The Young Executives IV
FORTUNE, October, 1964*

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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Don't fool around with fancy gadgets

My readers probably have gathered a distinct impression over the years that I am less than enthusiastic about gadget bids. Every so often a gadget will score a spectacular success and win a flock of followers. Take, for instance, the two-diamond bid to announce a three-suiter. Several of our pairs in the last Olympiad incorporated this new wonder bid into their arsenal. When the Olympiad had ended, Couch Edgar Kaplan, who kept tally of the results, reported that the three-suited two-diamond opening had achieved five major disasters coming between 50 and 60 points. "However," he pointed out somewhat ruefully, "this was not entirely a net loss. Our opponents using the same convention achieved three major disasters of their own, so we got half the points back."

The machinery of the two-diamond bid sounds simple. The bid announces a three-suit hand, either 5-4-4-0 or 4-4-4-1. On his second turn, opener bids his short suit,

*Neither side vulnerable
East dealer*

NORTH

WEST

EAST

SOUTH

EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
2 ♠	3 ♠	DOUBLE	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: 9 of diamonds

and now all his partner must do is take his choice of the other three. Thus, in theory anyway, the partnership should reach the best trump suit and best contract.

Advocates of the two-bid showing a three-suiter point to a further advantage the system gives them. If the opponents overcall the two-bid and partner doubles, it is not necessary for the opener to yank the double merely because he himself is short in that suit. His opening bid has already advertised that fact, so presumably his partner is prepared to find him with a void. However, such a detailed description of the distribution can also help the opponents. At left is a historic hand that illustrates the case. It was played in the European Championships in Amsterdam in 1955 during a match between Norway and Italy.

It does not really matter that Mario Franco (East) and Michele Giovine (West) of Italy were using a two-club bid instead of two diamonds to show a three-suiter; the theory is the same. West's double of the three-club overcall clearly warned the opener that not one of his three suits would find support from West—a triumph for bidding clarity marred only by the net result.

Dummy won the diamond opening and led the king of spades. East took the ace and attempted to cash the king of hearts. South ruffed, cashed the spade queen, trumped a spade in dummy and ruffed a second heart in his hand. With five tricks in the bank, declarer needed only four more for his contract. He led to dummy's high diamond, returned a third heart and, of course, he discarded. West had come up with three spades, two hearts and two diamonds, and East had to have the rest of the cards in these three suits for his opening bid.

With nothing left but trumps, West had to ruff and twice pitch into South's major tenace in clubs. Three clubs doubled and made: 470 plus for Norway.

In the other room the Norwegian East-West pair had no three-suit bid to rely on. East opened with one heart, and South bid one no trump—which in the Italian system designated a shaded takeout double showing support for the other three suits and about 9 to 10 points, not vulnerable. North's hand was good enough to propose a no-trump game with a response of two hearts, but South retired to three clubs, and West liked this too well to double. With no blueprint of the distribution to guide him, South made only seven tricks for a loss of 100 points and a net deficit of 570 for both Italian bidding gadgets that showed their three-suitedness so beautifully.

END



ELUDING TACKLER AFTER PITCHOUT, HAYES, A SHIFTY—AS WELL AS SWIFT—RUNNING BACK, LEAPS INTO AIR TO KIP LEFT LEG FREE

The fastest human in spikes—or cleats

The Olympic 100-meter champion, Bob Hayes, closed out his college football career as Florida A & M beat Grambling last week. He was one of eight pro-draft choices in the Negro bowl game, and may be the best

Activity is to be avoided at all costs during the hot, humid dog days around Jacksonville in northern Florida. But on the Florida A&M campus, at precisely the time the air hangs heaviest, the cry of "On the hop!" sends a squadron of football players in full equipment sprinting up a nearly vertical incline known as Horror Hill. The dash is famous. It is an all-out, dust-raising, hold-on-to-your-hat charge negotiated with the kind of speed found nowhere this side of the Olympic 100-meter dash. It is not surprising, therefore, that during the past three years the first man to crest Horror Hill always has been Left Halfback Robert Lee Hayes, the same Bob Hayes who won two gold medals in Tokyo and is this year's version of the world's fastest human.

Last week, his Olympic medals and

records behind him, Hayes was back doing what he likes best, playing football. The fact that Hayes can run faster than anyone else has made him the object of professional football interest. Hayes was drafted last year by Dallas of the NFL and Denver of the AFL, and Saturday representatives from these teams set speed records of their own rushing from the press box to the dressing room at the end of the Orange Blossom Classic in Miami's Orange Bowl. The fact that Florida A&M defeated Grambling 42-15 was of only mild interest. Hayes's catch of a 30-yard pass and 20-yard run for a touchdown, plus two slashing runs for two-point conversions, were more to the point.

But, for all his accomplishments, the question persists: Is Robert Hayes, track star, going to make good as a pro player?

He will not be the first Olympic medalist to give professional football a try. Except for Quarter-miler Ollie Matson, the form charts have been dismal. Most of Hayes's predecessors found that on the gridiron the shortest distance between two points invariably was blocked by a 260-pound tackle. And, invariably, that finished them.

"Bob Hayes is not one of these," insists his coach, Jake Gaither, a graying man whose cry of "On the hop!" has sent such players as Willie Gailmore and Clarence Childs up Horror Hill and into pro ball. Whenever he endorses a player there is a ring of authority to what he says. "Hayes is a football player first," he says, "and a track star second." Physically, Hayes confirms the judgment. Observers have always had the impression that the 194-pound sprinter with the

deep, powerful chest, thick thighs and rolling gait was absurdly out of place in track briefs. It was not until the players took up wind sprints that Line Coach Robert Griffin, who happens also to be the track coach, began to suspect that A&M had something more than a good young halfback.

Gauthier, of course, was convinced he had a football player. "Hayes has more going for him than Galimore had," he said last week, and that is high praise indeed. Before he was killed in an auto accident last summer, the Chicago Bear back was considered one of the best runners in the NFL. But Gauthier insists Hayes is a better open-field runner, a better pass catcher, and he obviously is faster. "He can't cut like Willie could," says Gauthier, "but, then, neither could anyone else."

At this point Gauthier is just getting warmed up. "Hayes can punt 60 yards," he says, "and can kick off over the goal line. I haven't let him because I didn't want someone to hit him with his leg in the air." Gauthier was criticized for letting Hayes play football at all, but says, "Shucks, if he had to choose one or the other he'd have chucked his track shoes out the window." As it was, the entire Florida A&M coaching staff had to be on guard lest Hayes sneak into a game when the situation called for brawn rather than speed. The brutal sting of direct contact is his idea of a really good time. One gets the impression that Hayes is more than a little disappointed that he was not drafted as a tackle.

For those who remain the least bit skeptical, Gauthier has another trump card—his collection of game films, such as the one against Texas Southern two weeks ago. In the first half it showed Hayes being joyiled by defensive backs and still catching passes. One was worth 19 yards and a touchdown, and the other went for 43 yards and another touchdown. "You ain't seen anything yet," said Gauthier, rubbing his hands together. Next scene opened with Hayes lined up close behind the line in a halfback position instead of wide in his usual flanker-back spot. The quarterback pitched out to him, and Hayes turned the end, following his blockers in a way rarely learned by converted sprinters. An instant later two defenders had Hayes cornered against the sideline. He slowed, skipped left, then right and, when one of the defenders fell down, turned on

what Gauthier calls his "scat gear." He raced straight out of the picture. The camera next caught him prancing in the end zone, 58 yards away.

"We think he's a great football prospect," says Dallas Cowboy General Manager Tex Schramm. "He's different from other track men who have attempted to play football, in that he has the natural moves and instincts of a football player. He has very, very good hands—he catches the ball surely and with ease. He has soft hands. And he is very good at catching punts and kickoffs."

"He could be a flanker, a running back or even, potentially, a defensive back. His only weakness that we know of is his inexperience, and with his tremendous natural abilities that shouldn't be a handicap for very long."

Hayes agrees with this. "Oh, I know I've got an awful lot to learn," he says, "but I love this game. I don't have to learn what it feels like to get hit. I know the importance of following my blockers. Maybe I don't know the fakes now, but I sure know you gotta have them, and that's more than most pure sprinters know. I've studied all the good flankers, and I think I can catch a ball with any of them, and I'm faster." This is not conceit. It is Hayes's matter-of-fact way of reciting the obvious.

For all Bob Hayes's individual skills, Florida A&M went into the game with Louisiana's Grambling as one-touchdown underdogs, a fact very puzzling to Jake Gauthier. No less than 16 of his backs have been timed in the 100-yard dash at under 10 seconds, including six freshmen who are just a hot breath behind Hayes himself. And instead of the traditionally smallish lines that Gauthier assembles, this year's averages 235 pounds and is quick. And three players besides Hayes were drafted by the pros. Halfback Bobby Felts was picked by Baltimore and Houston, junior Dave Daniels, a 6-foot-4, 220-pound tackle, was chosen as a Bear future pick, and both Minnesota and Houston are bidding for a 6-foot-3 255-pounder named Carlton Oaks, who plays end. "This team should be the best I've ever had," says Gauthier, "but it isn't." A&M lost a regular-season game, and this is something it usually does only in the Orange Blossom, a unique bowl game in which A&M is always host and the other top Negro school in the country is the guest. It is nice to know that, no matter

continued

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Natalie Wood in
"Sex and the Single Girl"!



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sure
got
a
head
on
you!



AS OVERHEARD BY WARNER BROS.

what happens, you are going to a bowl, but this also creates certain pressures. As Gaither says, "It means we can't have a bad year." Since 1945 Gaither's teams, which have won 165 games against only 25 losses, have not.

In this year's Orange Blossom, Grambling did not have the hair-raising speed of Florida, but its backs were quick enough and the line, with an average weight of 240 pounds a man, was the biggest in college football. And Grambling could match its best draft pick for draft pick. Quarterback Mike Howell was selected by the Browns and Chargers, and Flanker Willie Williams was chosen by the Giants. It is, however, the Grambling tackles who are particularly awesome. Frank Kornish (Chicago and Kansas City) weighs in at 270, and Alfonso Dotson (Green Bay and Kansas City) is 10 pounds lighter but 10 pounds meaner. When told that Florida A&M was going to test them (it is Gaither's contention that *nobody* stops his slants off tackle), Dotson lifted one eyebrow and murmured: "You don't say so?"

Gaither reverted to prayer—of a sort—just before kickoff. The players gathered and said in unison: "We wounded them. They have fallen at our feet. They shall not rise, Allah." Gaither has no idea what the incantation means, but he has been using it since his first game, and he has no plans for breaking the habit now. Prayers weren't needed. A&M simply was too fast for Grambling—and in the first half it was using Hayes only as a decoy. He never carried the ball from scrimmage, and he was not passed to once. People in the Orange Bowl were beginning to wonder just what Hayes was supposed to be doing out there.

They got the answer in the third quarter. Quarterback Ernie Hart went back to pass, and a single, somewhat bored Grambling secondary defender umbled over to cover Hayes. The desultory young man might just as well have laid his head in a lion's mouth and fallen asleep. Suddenly Hayes was not just running through another pass pattern. He was sprinting, and he was in the clear. When he caught the pass on the 20, two other defenders raced over, but Hayes was in top gear by then, and with that strange, rocking stride of his left the two men staring at each other.

The pros came running almost as fast as Hayes, and Dallas, with a little more money, was ahead from the start. **END**



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Elevating thoughts about elevated tees

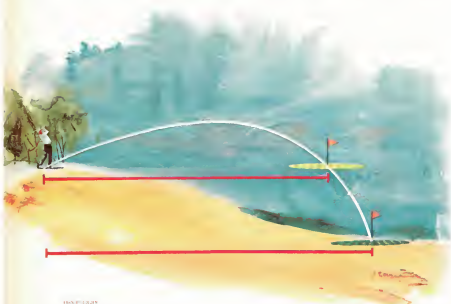


ILLUSTRATION BY

The diagram above shows what should be an obvious phenomenon, but one most golfers overlook: the shot hit from an elevated tee carries farther than a normal shot.

The shot from an elevated tee or fairway to a green below is one that requires more than the usual amount of thought. It is a deceptive shot that can hurt you badly if you do not think about it—and lots of golfers don't. The first thing to consider is that the ball will carry much farther than usual because the extra drop extends the parabola of the shot. How much farther? My general rule is that the ball will travel 10 feet farther than normal for each 20 feet of elevation. Take the 13th hole at the Columbus Country Club, for instance. This is a par-3 hole of 172 yards where the championship tee is right

next to the regular men's tee but 40 feet higher. With no wind I find I need a firm six-iron from the regular tee, but nothing more than a smooth seven-iron from the championship tee. A second important factor to keep in mind is that from an elevated tee the effects of the wind will always be greatly increased. It becomes impossible to punch the ball under a wind blowing in your face, so wind resistance is greater than for a level shot. Conversely, the ball will be carried much farther by a tailwind, and a quartering wind will have more effect than usual because the ball is in the air longer.



When Gordie Howe goes boating...



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"Sure I use 'Chap Stick' during the hockey season," says the Detroit Red Wing star. "With my lips exposed to that ice and cold, it's a must!" But after the season, 'Chap Stick' doesn't get put aside. It's

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Testing ground for powderproof parkas

Expert American skiers who have become restless on the crowded trails are now discovering the special joys of floating through deep powder, once the almost private domain of a few ski instructors and their adventurous pals along the Continental Divide. The joys of powder can be brief ones for the skier who is not dressed for its special demands. A slight misstep in deep snow will catapult even a first-rate skier like the girl below into the feathery fluff. A powder skier's parka should have a smooth outer shell, with insulation on the inside. It should fit snugly around the hips, and its collar should be chin-high. The best powder parkas of the year were tested and photographed at Alta, Utah during the first week of the U.S. ski season. They are all designed by Bogner, the company that first put skiers into stretch pants and has been improving their form ever since.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JESSE GREENE



San Francisco skier Rossmore Tobin (*far left*) starts a nose dive in Alta powder. Rossmore's parka (Bogner's Lagally, \$400) has a belt and snug collar to keep out the snow. Her Baruffaldi sun-and-snow shield (\$52) and padded racer's gloves are imported by Iselin (\$11). Alta Ski Instructor Tom Plotchan (*center*) swings through a turn in a parka that is snug at the hips (The Flock, \$69). Its collar zips to the chin, turns down like a turtleneck. Streamlined goggles (\$5.50) are imported by Sandow. Jim Tobin (*above*) wears a zippered and strap-fastened high-collared jacket with hood (The Chamois, \$70).

CONTINUED



Ted and Wilma Johnson (above), two of Alta's most accomplished powder skiers, wear stretch suits of wool and nylon by Bogner. The jacket of Ted's two-piece suit (The Albana, \$150) has a high knit collar and reverses to smooth-finished nylon. The jacket worn by Wilma (The Solo, \$65) is made of nylon with stretch inserts for a comfortable fit. It covers a one-piece Bogner jump suit (The Portillo, \$90). To keep the powder out of their boots, Alta skiers sheath their ankles with elastic webbing sealed with Velcro and made by B. H. Wenz (53). Even in deep powder there is always room for fashionable caprice: Adolfo's masked white fox helmet worn by Judy Hall (below) is \$175 worth of not impractical fluff.



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Scourge of Hangover Alley



Sipping soda among the migraines, Texas Jim Hall (sending out a Chaparral, above) fielded the winners in Nassau's intoxicating week

As the annual speed festival at Nassau in the Bahamas moved last week into its second decade, the town was swinging with fast drivers in a free-spending mood. Count Bernardino, who is the "Mickey Mantle of Calypso singers," made up a special song for the occasion. *The Day Gurney Sang*: "You look like a driver from Paradise," he crooned to Gurney and the sun-kissed crowd drinking Bloody Marys at the Pilot House Club on Saturday morning. The Count and his steel hand were putting in a typically busy day. The last party had broken up a few hours before, just in time for morning swimming, and this one would rock along until evening, when everybody would move over to the terrace of the Nassau Beach Hotel for the next one.

The Nassau racecourse snakes around an unused airport, and it may be the only one in the world where the papers blowing across the track are cocktail napkins. "Ye gods, but it's hard to get serious about all this," said one pit man. "I mean, just look at me." He was shirt-

less, wearing multi-colored Madras shorts, thong sandals and a native straw hat with an orchid on it. His eyes redly supported the pit area's description as Hangover Alley.

But a few people in Nassau were having while most of the drivers were playing, the most serious being Texas members of a new wave that has become the most potent force in U.S. sports car racing. John Meem Jr. had shipped in all of his rolling stock—five cars—including a monster he calls the Hussein after a personal pal. He clearly intended to win Cobra Boulder Carroll Shelby, Texas, thick in his salty speech, kept up a casual appearance for three days until one of his 427-cube-inch Ford engines broke down in practice. Then he called the mainland. He chartered a C-46 cargo plane to fly in a new engine and kept his crew working around the clock to install it.

The most serious man of all was still another Texan, Jim Hall, a young engineer whose strategy is simple: build

your own cars and beat them all. "I like this role," said the 29-year-old Hall. "It is like being David against Goliath."

Hall's pet Goliath is Shelby, whose protégé he once was. But they have had a falling-out. Nothing is sweeter to Hall than beating Shelby and his lavishly financed Cobra organization. Well-heeled and educated in engineering at Cal Tech, Hall has for three years put money and brains into a slingshot of which any motoring David might be proud. The Chevrolet-engined racer he calls the Chaparral.

Hall came to Nassau wearing a plaster cast on his left arm, a memento of a smashup in September at Mosport, Canada, where he turned a car upside down. He also wore a runaway crew cut and a constant earnest look.

Hall directs a racing team of extreme-ly tough, competent drivers, of which he was No. 1 until he damaged his arm. He won the Sports Car Club of America's U.S. Road Racing Championship this year, driving to four firsts and four seconds in the 10-race series. The Chaparrals have fully automatic transmissions—a shocking, unheard-of thing in sports car racing. But then Hall has always been something of a maverick.

In designing the Chaparral, he borrowed heavily from every successful car around. "I take only the things that are good," he explained. "A little bit here, a bit there. I don't want an unusual-looking car. The far-out cars are not winners. I want only winners."

During the days leading up to Sunday's 252-mile Nassau Trophy race—the climactic event—Hall sat on the fence in Hangover Alley, drinking grape soda pop and eating candy bars and looking very sober, which he was. On Friday afternoon he sent the Chaparral out to take on the giants in the 112.5-mile Governor's Trophy race, a warmup for Sunday's feature. Chaparral Driver Roger Penske faced a lineup of cars and drivers that read like an automotive celebrity register. There was the Indy king, A. J. Foyt, in the Hussein. There was Calypso Dan Gurney in his own new Lotus powered by Ford, Wally D'Amico in the Meem Scarab Chevy that Foyt had driven to win the race last year. Other names were as scary: Mexico's Pedro Rodriguez in a Ferrari, New Zealand's Bruce McLaren, former world champion Phil Hill, stock car ace Paul Goldsmith. With a field like that, who needed John Surtees—who had prom-

ised to come but did not—or Jimmy Clark, who would not come because of a disagreement over appearance money?

The Chaparral won at an average speed of 100.12 miles an hour, establishing a new record for the course. Penske held off the bursts of Foyt, who led the pack occasionally, and Gurney, who led briefly before dropping out. The race also established the Penske-Chaparral-Hall combination as favorites for Sunday.

As race time approached, Hall's pretty blonde wife, Sandy, cut masks from a couple of T-shirts for Penske and another Chaparral driver, Hall's Texas colleague, Hap Sharp, as protection against truck grime. The sky was threatening. "If it rains," said Penske, "we might just as well go home. We have everything but rain tires."

Penske's fear was realized. A tropical storm rolled in. As 65 drivers awaited the countdown for the Le Mans start, light rain began to slick the course. With Sandy Hall and Roger's wife, Lissa, handling stopwatches and lap charts, Jim was free to begin his assault on the Chaparral pit's supply of soda and candy bars.

After only five laps of racing on the 4.5-mile course, Penske spun out, and in so doing damaged his Chaparral's suspension. Meanwhile Sharp was rolling along nicely in fifth place, Penske spent-ed back to the pits, and Hall decided to flag Sharp in and replace him in the healthy car with Penske. When he sent Penske out, 23 of the race's 56 laps had been run and the rain had stopped.

Foyt, an early leader, had also spun out and lost much time. Gurney fought from 41st place to a contending position, dueling with the Oldsmobile-engined racer of Bruce McLaren. And then along came Penske like a Texas nomber. Smoothly extracting the moss from his Chaparral's powerful engine, he took the lead on the 42nd lap and was an easy winner. Hall's and Penske's score for the week, a sweep of the major races, Penske had won the previous Sunday's Grand Touring event in a Hall-entered Corvette.

"Boy, I don't know about this," said Hall with un-Texas modesty. "I sort of liked it better when I was David the underdog."

"If it weren't for the fact that this is a prestige week we probably wouldn't come down here," he said. "Can you imagine living steady in a place like Nassau? It would be like living on nothing but cotton candy." **END**

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TOUGH COOKIE MARCHES TO HIS OWN DRUMMER

BY EDWIN SHRAKE

In his black-rimmed glasses, black turtleneck sweater, peach sport coat, gray slacks and black loafers, Cookie Gilchrist looked as if he were sitting at a social protest meeting of the Screen Writers Guild rather than on a bench in the dirty, crowded locker room of the Buffalo Bills. "People think I'm an oddball because I'm a Negro who speaks up," he was saying. "But I have a lot on my mind. It's an internal disease, and it'll eat me alive if I don't get out of my system what I think about things." On either side of the big fullback the Buffalo players were slowly and sullenly dressing after losing a game, finally, to Boston, in the 10th week of the season. An hour earlier in that same locker room several of his teammates had ragged at Cookie Gilchrist. "If you're not going to help us, take off your uniform and get out of here!" an offensive lineman had told him. Gilchrist, angry because he had not been called on to carry the ball as often as he believes is his right, had sent in a substitute for himself just before the half. Without the emotional charge of running over linebackers, Gilchrist had also become bored by pass blocking. When they realized the 251-pound Gilchrist was not going to interfere, the Boston blitzers had staged a riot inside the broken Buffalo pass pocket. Now, as the Bills stepped silently past Gilchrist on their way to the showers, Quarterback Jack Kemp sprawled nearby, dazed and sore and looking as if his jersey would have

to be cut off with surgical shears after one of the worst beatings of his life. The air in the locker room smelled of mutiny. At that moment Buffalo Coach Lou Saban was trying to decide whether to kick the American Football League's leading ground-gainer off the squad. But Cookie Gilchrist ignored the resentment and bitterness that filled the room around him like escaping gas. He is accustomed to being a loner. Three years ago he was waived out of the Canadian Football League although he was the best player in it. Dissenting opinions of his value or his conduct mean less to Gilchrist than the polish on the hood of his new sports car.

"We should have beaten Boston," he said, staring at his large, scarred hands. "I'll admit I didn't play very well, but I only got to run with the ball 11 times in the whole game, and I don't think that's how we win. I ought to carry the ball 25 to 30 times in a game to be effective. I'll get my four or five yards at a crack, and I'll gain at least 100 yards for the day, more than 1,000 yards for the season, and it'll be better for the team and for me. I have too much pride to stand out there just as a blocker."

"You're a runner, man," said Willie Ross, the rookie Gilchrist had ordered into the game for a few plays as his substitute. Ross and Defensive Back Booker Edgerson share an apartment in Buffalo with Gilchrist. ...continued

All his life Carlton Gilchrist has done things his own way. A fortnight ago his willfulness so enraged the coach and owner of the Buffalo Bills that they were ready to waive him goodbye. But he is back again—an army of one

when he does not drive home in the evenings to his family in Toronto, 95 miles away. "Tell you what I'll do I'll teach you my moves."

"Willie is my protégé," Cookie said, smiling. "But I know this—life is a two-way street. It's not all good, and it's not all bad. There'll be other days."

Cookie Gilchrist stood up and, with Willie Ross, walked out of the locker room. Some of the Bills watched him as he went out the door and down the concrete ramp, but he did not look back. He was on his way to Canada to see a man about chopping down 30,000 Christmas trees to be sold on the streets of Buffalo. As far as Cookie Gilchrist was concerned, that Sunday's game was finished. He did not know, and he could not have imagined, that two days later Sahan and Bills owner Ralph Wilson would shock the professional sports community by offering Gilchrist to anybody who wanted him for \$100.

What happened on that gray, chill afternoon in Buffalo when the Bills fell after winning nine games in a row was not the first trouble Sahan, Wilson and General Manager Dick Gallagher had had with Gilchrist. Twice since he was suspended by the Canadian League and then signed by Buffalo Scotsman Harvey Johnson in 1962 Gilchrist has defied Buffalo traffic cops. Once he was hauled to jail and charged with assaulting an officer, an offense Cookie denied with simple logic by saying, "If I'd really hit him, he wouldn't be here." Gilchrist filed for bankruptcy in 1963, claiming assets of \$7,400 and liabilities of \$59,397 after mismanaged business ventures had cost him more than \$80,000. He does not hesitate to telephone Wilson at midnight and demand a salary advance, although what separates Cookie from most other players in that respect is that he never calls collect. "I keep thinking we ought to get rid of him, that he's not worth it," Wilson has said repeatedly. "But then I see him on the field on Sunday, and I forget it." In 1962, when the wire services voted him the AFL's Most Valuable Player, Gilchrist rushed for 1,096 yards. Last year before the season started he injured an Achilles' tendon but still ran for 979 yards and helped put Buffalo into a playoff game with Boston for the Eastern Division championship. "There were five games last year when I shouldn't have played because I was hurt," Gilchrist said. "But they needed me and I'm a professional and I played. They never remember things like that."

At the age of 29, Carlson Chester Gilchrist is a complex and driven man. He is impulsive, proud, clever, shy and aggressive. He loves children and detests authority. He is obsessed with the idea of being a success in business, even though a restaurant and an electrical firm wiped him out. More perhaps than anything he wants security, but he can be a reckless plunger. He bought a half interest in a Piper Cub airplane last year, took six hours of flying lessons, and then the airplane disappeared. "The guy who owned the other half asked if he could fly the plane to Florida and I haven't seen it since," Cookie says. "By that time I

had got more interested in my new boat, anyhow. It's 17 feet and has a 100-hp motor and it really moves. I have a new Cobra and a new Buick. But sometimes I do wonder whatever happened to that airplane of mine."

Gilchrist has had to look out for himself since he was a tough kid growing up in the steel-mill town of Brackenridge, Pa., outside Pittsburgh. Beneath his cashmere coats and expensive shirts he carries two ugly half-moon scars, one on his right shoulder and one on the left side of his chest. "Got those in a fight when I was 14 or 15," he said. "I didn't even realize the boy had sliced me until later when I looked down and saw I was bleeding." By the time he was 18, Cookie was 6 feet 2 and weighed 220 and was an outstanding fullback and indifferent pupil at Har-Breck High School in Brackenridge. Mostly, he went to school during football season and found something more entertaining to do when the season was over. "Two other boys and I supported ourselves with a car-wash business," he said. "We'd wash cars on Saturdays for \$2 per car. Sometimes a guy would pay \$5, and one guy paid us \$40 for one car. Guys, football fans, would come in the locker room and make donations, too. Maybe \$15 or \$25. I averaged about \$90 on a weekend. I bought my own clothes and I had three cars during the time I was in high school. I worked hard. I learned you always have to work for what you got. But my high school coach, Kenny Karl, was the guy who kept me in high school for as long as I stayed. If I had to pick one person out of my life who did the most for me, he's the one. He took an interest in my welfare. I didn't want to go to school, didn't see any benefit in it. My folks and my neighbors worked in the steel mill. I had been no place, knew nothing else but the steel mill. I had no intention of going to college. When the Cleveland Browns heard about that, they sent a man around to talk to me."

The Browns signed Gilchrist to a pro contract when he was 18. Although he was tutored in the subtleties of pro football, Cookie lasted until the final cut and was totally unimpressed by the company he was keeping. "I wasn't honored that the Browns had signed me," he says now. "I just looked at that \$5,500 they handed me. That's a bunch of money for an 18-year-old kid. I figured in 10 years I'd be making four or five times that much. My mom and dad didn't know I had signed a pro contract until they read it in the papers. Then all they said was if I wanted to, it was O.K. That was the last word about it. Kids are intelligent at an early age. They know the difference between right and wrong. Parents should always tell the truth to kids. The truth doesn't hurt. When you get older, you resent it if you find out your parents lied. Mine didn't lie. I wish they could have been more compassionate, but they had to work so hard for a basic living that they didn't have time. I suppose that's where some of my frustrations come from. I want to be successful and be understood and not be put down as an individual. If I didn't believe in myself I could have been a bum. I've found the courage to carry on when people doubt me only because I believe in myself. People should work

continued

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harder to understand those who don't conform. Who's to say society's rules are always right? Life moves fast, and people claim they don't have time for understanding. I say you better take the time to live and to understand what's important to your life. That sounds selfish, I guess. But it's selfish in a good way."

Wilson, Sahun, Gallagher and Assistant General Manager Chuck Burr were forced to the limit of understanding last spring by a letter Gilchrist wrote them (with copies to the Buffalo newspapers and TV stations). The letter said: "Gentlemen: It unfortunately becomes necessary again for me to formally request that you make efforts to trade me to some other football club in the AFL. My attorney, Mr. Messina, and I have made these requests since April of 1963 without, I feel, adequate response from you. Therefore, in the best interest of the Buffalo fans—who have been exceptionally kind to me—and in the best interest of the team and, frankly, in my own best interest, may I ask you to give serious consideration to the trade offers made for me by other AFL clubs. Very truly yours, Carlton C. Gilchrist."

The letter hit the Buffalo front office with the impact of a draft notice. But it was clear what Cookie's ploy was. He wanted more money. The Bills went into immediate negotiation and signed Gilchrist to a new contract for about \$30,000. Burr, hoping to squeeze all possible publicity out of what had begun as a sticky situation, asked Cookie to keep the new contract secret until a press conference could be arranged the following week. Cookie kept it such a secret that when the press conference came Gilchrist was not there. He was up in Canada jumping out of a helicopter to plant stakes in mining claims he and partner Bill Richardson own near the rich Texas Gulf Sulphur copper strike. That was startling enough for the Bills, but when they found out Gilchrist was leaping into lakes to plant his stakes, a shaken Burr went back to his desk and thought about taking a job as a mercenary soldier in the Congo. Cookie can swim like the Venus de Milo. "I don't know what they were worried about," Gilchrist said later. "One rule I live by is I never go any farther than I can walk back." Gilchrist and Richardson now have 27 claims near the Texas Gulf Sulphur strike, a few claims at Prairie Mountain, B.C. and an interest in a copper mine in Wales. Prospecting is a fascinating idea to Cookie, who has lived a prospector's feast-or-famine life since he was a child. "I met Richardson in a shoe store in Hamilton, Ont.," Cookie said. "He took a liking to me and gave me a tip on some mining stock that sold for 40¢ a share and rose to \$18.50. He has confidence that if he wants to find a mine, he'll find one. He's taught me a lot about life a lot about things I was too shy or dumb to ask about," Cookie said. "He's a beautiful man in his approach to life. Those prospectors, they'll have a million dollars on the table one morning and nothing the next, but it doesn't bother him either way. He's still the same guy."

Before he met Richardson, Gilchrist was hardly on the road to becoming a business tycoon. After the Browns cut

him, Gilchrist played minor league football at Sarnia and Kitchener in the Ontario Rugby Football Union for two years and then graduated to Hamilton, Regina and Toronto for six years in the Canadian major league. He played both offense and defense, often was on the field the entire 60 minutes of the game. He was paid well, but not as well as he wished. To augment his income, Gilchrist started a restaurant in Hamilton. He called it Uncle Tom's Cabin. "I imagine the N.A.A.C.P. wouldn't like that name," Cookie says, "but I thought it was a good one. We served Southern-fried chicken and spareribs. Trouble was, I didn't know anything about the restaurant business, and I lost money. [On opening night Cookie discovered he had neglected to hire cooks or waitresses, and he had to do the cooking himself.] Then in 1957 I started an electrical maintenance business. I was just a kid, and I had 13 people working for me. I have a tendency to trust people too much. I wasn't firm enough with them. I lost money again. But I'm a better man for that experience today."

Despite his business failures, Gilchrist chose to remain in Canada. He has not become a Canadian citizen, but he lives in a two-bedroom apartment in Toronto with his white wife, Gwen, and two sons, Jeffrey Carlton, 6, and Scott Richard, 3. "There's prejudice in all societies, but it's rarely in the open in Canada," he said. "I'm the only Negro in my building. It's a different world for Negroes than it is in the United States. In Canada, people are friendly to me. In the United States, they have reservations. There are very few Negroes in Canada. The ones who are there are students, doctors and lawyers, building an integrated society on a qualified basis. There's no mass problem. Toronto is a cosmopolitan city with wealth and culture. The only city in the United States I would want to live in is New York. It's the hub of everything in the world. In New York they're interested in your productivity. Buffalo is a closed society. In New York I could maintain my individuality and still be productive without being a spectacle. I want people to respect my intelligence and approach me that way and be honest with me. If they do, I'll be the same with them."

Although he talks much about wanting to be respected for his intelligence, Gilchrist is not necessarily sorry he did not go to college. "In college you get an education to be put to practical use," he said. "I've done the reverse. I have no sheepskin to show for it, but the knowledge is stored inside my head. I'm proud I've advanced myself so far. I'm confident I can go further. A college degree might give me more confidence. I can see that. When my kids become 18 an education will be compulsory to get any kind of a job. They'll have the funds to go to college whether they want to or not. My father couldn't do that for me. He's a product of his environment, and his environment didn't dictate he should get an education. But I had an exceptionally good childhood. I was never a poverty case. I was aggressive and got what I wanted. I was never hungry or in rags, even when I had to carry coal for \$1 a week to buy the clothes I wanted when I was 10 or 11."

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It was during those years that Carlton Chester Gilchrist got the nickname Cookie. "There was an old man who lived at the top of a long flight of stairs," he said. "I used to climb those stairs every day and ask him for sweets. So they started calling me Cookie. I hated the name. When I got to Sarnia, they asked me if I had any nicknames and I told them Cookie, and that's what everybody has called me since. Jack Kemp calls me Chester, but hardly anybody else does. Cookie is good in one way. Kids remember it, and they identify with me. I try to do all I can for kids, especially underprivileged kids. I'm trying to start a boys' camp now. I've written to all the Negro athletes for their support. A lot of Negro athletes forget their heritage. I've never forgot mine. There's thousands of kids out there who aren't lucky enough to be 6 feet 3 and weigh 251 pounds, and they need my help."

His size is an obvious advantage, but it has often been an embarrassment to Gilchrist. He has never lifted weights and is not fond of working out. But he has an awesome physique, with a 20-inch neck and muscles that make one wonder if there would be a pair of shoulder pads to fit him if he ever did begin a weight program. "I don't like to be big like I am," he said. "I wear clothes that make me look compact. I have my shoes made so my feet won't look big, and my shirts fit tight. On the field I have the ability to be mean, to really clobber a guy. It's that powerful force to be successful that overcomes my shyness and natural reluctance to use my size. If I'm backed against the wall, I defend myself. But since I'm as big as I am, I don't feel I have to prove anything. I give other people the benefit of the doubt when they annoy me. Other players don't harass me, because I play clean. If I'm in a bar, say, and a person comes up to me and wants to fight and argue, then that person either has a weapon or else he is crazy. Either way, I don't want to have anything to do with him. I'll say I'm sorry and walk away if I can. Usually they take the suggestion and leave well enough alone. Since I've been in the AFL I've only been struck a blow once by an opposing player. Maybe I'm chicken about fights."

Gilchrist was not always so moderate, if he truly is now. There are stories of fights with teammates in Canada, and there is one fairly well-documented instance of a face-off with Jumbo Jim Trimble at Hamilton. "You take the first punch, since you're the coach," Cookie told him. That ended the dispute. At Kitchener, when he was 19, Cookie attacked the entire bench of one team. "I learned a lesson from that," he said. "Never start a fight in front of the wrong bench." There was a rumor in Buffalo last year that Cookie and 270-pound All-League Defensive Tackle Tom Sestak had put on an epic brawl. The fight did not occur. "But if enough people are interested and somebody wants to rent an auditorium, Tom and I will fight for \$5 a ticket," Cookie said. The one fight Cookie admits to was in an exhibition game against Kansas City this year. "I was blocking," said Gilchrist, "and I accidentally slapped and grabbed one of their ends. I apologized and told him I

don't block that way. But Smokey Stover came running over, and somebody called me a name, and then E. J. Holub got into it. Four or five years ago it would have been a free-for-all. But all that happened this time was a little shoving. Later I blocked harder and ran harder at those same guys until I felt I had made my point."

When they retire from the game, some pro football players have difficulty overcoming the urge to hit people. They are conditioned to Sundays of violence, and they miss the contact. "That will never be a problem with me," Gilchrist said. "I take the game as a game, in perspective with life. The game is played on Sunday. During the week it doesn't bother me. When I was younger, frustrations would build up. I'd get mad if some guy waited too long at a stoplight, and when I got to the ball park I wanted to take it out on somebody. But I have progressed as a man. I find other ways to take out those feelings. I'm a gourmet. I like to cook. I marinate steaks for two or a half days in a special wine sauce I make myself. I buy most of my wife's clothes.



Gilchrist, who cannot swim, popped into lakes from a helicopter to stake naming claims with his partner.

I'm interested in interior decorating. I read books that tell me how to live a better life. I'd rather take my kids horseback riding than watch television, but when I do watch television I prefer programs with strong motivation and good stories that make sense. My favorite TV show is *The Fugitive*. I can understand that guy. In fact, some of the players in Buffalo call me 'the fugitive.' But one thing I'm not is a sports fan. I can't see why anybody would pay \$6 to see a football game. The only pro football game I ever saw was the Giants and the Redskins in 1960. If a football game comes on TV, I get up and leave. I play the game out of a competitive desire and pride, and I'm a natural for it. But I don't like to watch it if I'm not involved. I think maybe I would have liked to paint, but I've never had the peace of mind to sit and do it. If I had been disfigured and

continued

regimented early in my life, my potential would have been unlimited."

On the football field Gilchrist's potential is fantastic, and quite frequently his performance matches it. Against the New York Jets in one game last year he broke two AFL records by running 243 yards and scoring five touchdowns. Johnny Green, a Toronto quarterback when Gilchrist was playing there, described Cookie's power: "In Canadian football the backs can be in motion on every play. You'd be calling signals when you'd hear this rumbling behind you. It was Cookie barreling ahead. The quarterback handed off like bullfighters. The main idea was to stay out of Cookie's path." Jim Crotty, who has played in all three pro leagues as a defensive back, says, "Cookie



Boston officers interrupted Bills quarterback's drive. Gilchrist's pass blocking became strength over

could gain a lot more yards if he ran smarter. If he put a few moves on you, he could break away more often. But he can't resist the challenge of running over you." One of Gilchrist's memorable runs was a 22-yarder for a touchdown against San Diego two years ago. A few steps from the goal line he could have cut to the left and gone in untouched. Instead, he cut to the right, smashed into Linebacker Chuck Allen and knocked him into the air all the way into the end zone.

"You have to take my size and weight into consideration," Gilchrist says. "I'm not shifty. I can't sidestep. So I use my ability to the fullest extent. If I run over a guy, maybe he won't be there next time and I won't have to deviate. But I don't get any real joy out of trampling somebody. I usually carry the ball in my left arm. When I'm about to be hit, I lower my right shoulder and bring up my right forearm to make it tougher for the tackler to get a good shot at me. Most teams take away the inside from me, so I go outside more than up the middle. I try to get one-on-one with the cornerback, who is smaller than I am,

and make him hit me from the side. You can bring a big man down if you hit him from the knees down, head on, but if I can make them hit me from the side I can slide off or spin away. When I go into a hole and one or two tacklers hit me head on, I spin and they don't have a chance for a second reaction. I've learned body control and change of pace through constant work. Of course, the main thing is I'm as big as most defensive linemen and bigger than the defensive backs, and I'm fast. That's my advantage. But I try to use my power wisely."

Harvey Johnson, the Buffalo scout who coached Gilchrist in Canada, thinks Cookie's edge is that he punishes the defensive backs when they collide with him. "As the game goes on they begin to grab at him instead of hitting him solidly," says Johnson. "You can't stop him without a solid shot. The longer the game goes, the more effective Cookie becomes." Holub, the 225-pound Kansas City linebacker, says, "If you hit him low, he works on you with his knees. If you hit him high, you get a stiff-arm. You have to hit him around the middle and clamp your arms around him or he'll tear your arms off. If he gets through a hole at the line of scrimmage, it's hell on the linebackers." But stopping Gilchrist at the line of scrimmage is not a pleasant task. Jerry Mays, 247-pound Kansas City defensive tackle, says, "He's already at full speed when he reaches the line, and if the hole closes he can veer off quickly to another hole. I can't remember ever stopping him cold without a gain. You have to be in perfect tackling position even to get a draw with him." And yet, despite those testimonials to his prowess as a fullback, many observers—including Harvey Johnson and Gilchrist himself—think Cookie is a better defensive player than he is an offensive back. "When we got him we had no stars, so we put Cookie on offense and made him our star. Where I'd like to see him is as a middle linebacker," Johnson says.

"There's just not anybody who can tackle the way I can," says Gilchrist. Last year Boston Safety Man Ron Hall intercepted a pass and ran down the sidelines. Gilchrist met him at midfield with a blow that sounded like a dozen wet towels slapped against the pavement. Hall was out for several minutes. "I didn't get a good piece of him," Cookie complained later. "I hit him with my head." In 1962 Gilchrist played on all the Bills' special teams. He has been seen to kick off, hurl three or four blockers out of his way and make the tackle inside the 30. Except for last year, Gilchrist was rarely injured. "He doesn't know where the training room is," the Toronto trainer informed the Bills before they signed Cookie.

Why, then, did every team in the Canadian League pass him up and let him go to Buffalo? Gilchrist has been accused of slacking off once he has established his might. "For a year or two, while he's showing the fans in a new town how good he is, he's the greatest. But after he's showed them, he slows down. He ought to be traded every two seasons," said one coach. However, Cookie's off-the-field activities were what got him banished from Canada.

The specific incident was when Gilchrist passed Toronto Coach Lou Agase in the lobby of an Edmonton hotel after curfew. Cookie was going out, not coming in.

"But none of those things was the real reason I was waived out of Canada," Gilchrist said recently. "The only real point of discussion was that I wanted to be paid what I was worth. I played 60 minutes, did two guys' work and was getting paid half of what I was worth. I insisted that was wrong, and that's where my reputation for making trouble began. Management wants to get an employee as cheaply as possible. If you don't persevere, you won't be paid what you're worth. They still don't pay me enough, considering what I do, I'm not a carouser or a drunk. Maybe sometimes people don't like me because I'm headstrong. But it boils down to the fact that they resented me in Canada because I wanted too much money. I have no regrets. It's worked out for the better. If it had worked out for the worse, I would have accepted that gracefully, too.

"I think you have to be shrewd as the people you're working for. Like when I wrote that letter asking the Bills to trade me. I had got wind that they were negotiating a trade for me while I was injured. I knew they hadn't made their season ticket sales yet for this year, so I brought it out in the open about trading me. I meant it. I always mean what I say. Maybe I use the wrong words sometimes, but the meaning is there."

Gilchrist's sincerity, combined, of course, with the yardage he gains, has made him a popular figure with Buffalo fans. He will go anywhere to speak, without charge, to an audience of children. A year ago one of the winners in a Buffalo fan contest was a talkative little lady in her 60s. Cookie sat by her and talked to her during her prize plane trip to Denver for a Bills' game and then carried her luggage to her room. But for the dozens of adult sports banquets Cookie requests a speaker's fee. "Suppose a club has 50 banquets a year and there's 50 guys on our team. Well, I'll go speak once free because that's my share. For the rest, unless there are kids there, they have to pay me. Otherwise I'd be on the run all the time." Although there are things he does not like about Buffalo, Gilchrist does think the city has one of the best franchises in professional football. "This is an industrial town," he says. "The people here want to know you gave them a 100% tough battle on the field. There are no fancy players on this team, only tough, proud men. The team is an indication of the type of people in the town. They're warm and friendly, but they know you have to be tough as a way of life. We don't have any glamour boys like Los Angeles or San Diego."

But on the November afternoon of the last Boston game, it was Gilchrist who was accused of showing the temperament of a glamour boy. The day began perfectly, bright and cool and with no wind. The Bills were unbent, and a record crowd of 43,000 had jammed into War Memorial Stadium. The steelworkers who are erecting a new section of 8,000 seats had hung a sign on the girders that read: BILLS 48, COLTS 7. This was Buffalo's rebuttal to a Sports

ILLUSTRATED story comparing the football teams of Baltimore and Buffalo. Another banner behind the Boston bench said: THE NFL IS A MINOR LEAGUE (sic). Gilchrist rammed into the Bills' locker room in exuberant spirits and hung up his coat. Many of the other players were already dressed. Their cleats clattered on the concrete floor. "I feel good today. I feel like a gazelle," Cookie said, putting his glasses into his coat pocket. He is nearsighted, but he does not wear contact lenses during a game. ("I can see fine on the field. It's when I'm on the bench that my eyes get fuzzy," he says.) Cookie pulled his blue jersey over his shoulders and chest. He likes to warm up without pads. "Hey, coach," he said to Saban, "I feel great today."

Cookie's mood was still one of savage elation as the game began. The first Boston blitzers who dashed through the Buffalo line were met by awful whacks from Gilchrist's shoulders and forearms and tumbled like cinema Indians. But Cookie kept waiting to run with the ball, and Kemp kept throwing it. Gilchrist was called on a quick pitchout to the right for short yardage. He got the ball on a couple of draws and twisted for 17 yards on one of them. But by the middle of the second quarter the pattern of the Buffalo offense had emerged. Kemp was going to throw. This was not going to be a Cookie Gilchrist game. Clouds moved in, the sun vanished and Cookie's pass blocking began to falter. The blitzers thundered past him and drove Kemp out of the pocket. Kemp raced about frantically on play after play and then was hammered down beneath swarms of Boston tacklers who had not been picked off by Gilchrist. Kemp would lie there on the hard earth for a moment and then would rise painfully to find Cookie looking at him as if to say, "Well, what did you expect with all that passing?" With 28 seconds to go in the second quarter, the Buffalo offense got the ball and Cookie stayed on the bench. Without consulting Saban, he sent in his friend, Willie Ross.

Bitter words poured out in the locker room at the half, but Gilchrist's performance did not improve. The long afternoon ended with Buffalo Quarterbacks Kemp and Daryle Lamonic throwing 53 passes and a plainly disgruntled Gilchrist carrying 11 times for 31 yards. Boston won 36-28. Buffalo fans streamed out of the park offering each other condolences, as if their Bills were 1-9 instead of 9-1. Gilchrist climbed into his car and drove home to Toronto, believing the game had been lost because he had not been used properly. But there were four more games to play, and Buffalo still led the East, and Cookie was not overly worried about it.

Tuesday morning the Bills' office stirred with mysterious activity. Telephones were ringing and people were having whispered conversations and Ralph Wilson was calling from Bermuda and Saban conferred for hours with his assistant coaches. At noon the news came. The Bills had put Cookie Gilchrist on waivers. Any club in the AFL could claim him for \$100. "No one man is more important than the team," said Wilson. Saban's authority had been flouted by the unauthorized substitution of Willie Ross, and in the

continued

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TOUGH COOKIE *continued*

test of strength between the fullback and the coach, Saban was the winner.

Gilchrist was stunned. It would not break his heart to leave Buffalo, but he did not want to leave as a lover or a quitter. His pride would not allow that. Cookie talked to his wife and to his lawyer, and on Wednesday he went to the Bills' practice and apologized to the team. One of the players who had been angriest at Cookie during half time on Sunday approached Saban and asked if Gilchrist could have another chance. Saban said no, but he did agree to listen. Gilchrist met with Saban for an hour and a half, and when Cookie came out of the office he was one of the Bills again. "He really humbled himself," said Saban. "I didn't think he could do it."

"In the past," Cookie told the press in what sounded strangely like an Episcopalian confession, "I have said and done many things for which I am truly ashamed. I have criticized my teammates and my coaching staff unjustly. I am sorry. I am going to abide by every rule of the club and concentrate on only one thing—to do my job as fullback of the Buffalo Bills to the best of my ability."

The reinstatement brought a host from Oakland Coach Al Davis, who, along with New York and Boston, had put in a waiver claim for Gilchrist. "It was a phony deal, a hoax," said Davis. "They never intended to let Gilchrist go." Perhaps Davis was right. With the Bills holding a game-and-a-half lead over Boston in the Eastern Division—a lead that could and would be down to nothing within three weeks—it certainly did not make sense to show the door to the finest fullback in the league. Next season, perhaps, Gilchrist will be traded. But this season the Bills needed Cookie Gilchrist, and knew it. By placing him on waivers they got his promise that he would prove himself all over again.

"A man is entitled to make mistakes," Cookie said. "It's how he feels afterward that matters. I'm a good man basically, but my mistakes have been publicized. I have learned humility. And I have learned something about coaches in my career. The best coaches are those who know the psychological fact that all men are boys at heart."

END



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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

The 1965 college basketball season was barely a week old and already the field was littered with important casualties. Rarely had so many suffered such ignominious to quick. UCLA, the defending national champion, Davidson, Kansas, Duke, Seattle, North Carolina, Syracuse and Georgetown were all beaten. The usually stalwart Atlantic Coast Conference, almost for the first time in memory, had only a single undefeated team; the Southern Conference and the Big Eight each were down to one, too; the Southwest Conference and the West Coast's AAWU had only two each, and one of them had not yet played a game. It looked like a long, hard winter for the favorites.

THE EAST

This area was just no place for ranking teams last week. They tumbled like Humpty Dumpty. Davidson's demise (below) was the saddest shock but by no means the only one. PENN STATE got Syracuse up in the cold Nittany mountains and clobbered the Orange 81-59 with a 34-11 burst in the last 11 minutes. While State's nagging defense swarmed all over Syracuse's Dave Bing, holding him to 11 points, Bob Weiss, Carver Clinton and Ray Saunders pounded the Orange with 17 apiece.

The Bob Cousy touch was beginning to show at Boston College. John Audin, a hot-handed backcourt whiz, fired in 22 points as the Eagles whipped Durham 104-76. He was even better against Georgetown, scoring 32 as the favored Hoyas were beaten 89-71.

MELANOVIA was one team that did not slip. The well-coached Wildcats defended diligently and shot accurately to beat Seranion 88-42 and Xavier of Ohio 93-69, providence also shows signs of being able to stay with the pack. The Friars took Catholic U. 71-62 and Assumption 91-65. But Temple filtered. Coach Joe Lapchick's last st.

team's team matched the Owls in a sloppy first half, then ran off 16 straight points to win 60-50. NYU won its opener, over Catholic U., 90-42. PRINCETON's Bill Bradley got 29 points as the Tigers beat Lafayette 83-74, and 26 in a close 64-60 win over Army. PENN, too, shaped up as an Ivy League contender. The Quakers beat Rutgers 100-75 and Navy 61-58.

Rick Berry, a New Jersey boy who found his way to MIAMI, put on a show in Pittsburgh's Steel Bowl. After warming up with 55 points in a 136-119 shooting match with Tampa down South, he poured in 75 more as the Hurricanes outscored Duquesne 99-95 and Pitt 85-71 in the final.

THE MIDWEST

UCLA's NCAA champions had a 30-game winning streak when they got to Champaign, but ILLINOIS, an outsider in the Big Ten race, was not impressed. The Illini, suspecting that the Bruins were not quite so easy without Walt Hazzard's slick quarterbacking and dazzling passes, decided to go right at them with a free-wheeling, shooting game. UCLA never had a chance. Illinois shot an amazing 58% (46 for 79) for a new school

record and down went the champs, 110-81. Skip Thoren bombed them for 20 points, Bill McCown got 18, Bogie Redmon and Don Freeman 17 each.

Illinois was on the verge of another upset the next night at ST. LOUIS. The Illini had beaten North Dakota State 114-50 and Ohio State 79-70 after a superb comeback, but Illinois led by eight points early in the second half. Then the Illini, in serious foul trouble, were forced to shy away from St. Louis' 6-foot-10 Gil Beckmeier and he killed them inside. Beckmeier scored 23 points, sophomore John Kido dropped in 12 foul shots in the last 10 minutes and the aggressive Illini took their third straight, 79-64. UCLA, meanwhile, found Indiana State, where Coach Johnny Wooden spent two years back in the '40s, more hospitable. Gail Goodrich scored 29 points and the Bruins won easily, 112-76.

Everyone knew that Michigan was the team to beat in the Big Ten, but MINNESOTA, INDIANA and NORTHWESTERN were acting like mighty strong contenders. Minnesota beat South Dakota State 101-55, Drake 67-60 and Iowa State 63-33 Indiana, after an 81-70 win over Ohio U., started Kansas State with a deliberate pattern offense instead of its usual roachhouse style, and upset the Wildcats 74-70. NORTHWESTERN's young bloods caught Kansas fretting over the absence of 6-foot-7 George Unseld, who had not been seen eye-to-eye with new Coach Ted Owens. The Jayhawks had managed to beat Arkansas 65-60 and New Mexico 59-40 without Unseld, but Northwestern outthrust Kansas in the second half, rallying to win, 58-55. Purdue, another possible contender, stumbled against NEBRASKA, 96-85.

MIAMI OF Ohio, which had not beaten Cincinnati since 1957, finally got a piece of the Bearcat hide—and in Cincy, too. Lean Jeff Gehring and Charlie Coles got the points (33), little Johnny Swann came off the bench to provide the spark, and Miami won, 65-55. Two other Missouri Valley teams were still unbeaten. BRADLEY, struggling along without a big man, had trouble controlling the boards, but Eddie Jackson, a lithe 6-foot-6 jumper, carried the Braves past Northern Michigan 97-81 and North Dakota 75-72 in double overtime. WICHITA STATE whooped Long Beach State 114-78.

NEW NOTRE DAME Coach Johnny Dee had the Irish shooting better, but he was troubled by their defense. Notre Dame gave up far too many points while trouncing Lewis 99-87 and Ball State 116-82. LOUISIANA OF Chicago won twice, over Southwest Missouri 87-83 and Western Ontario 106-35; DE PAUL ran over Northwest Missouri 80-60, Christian Brothers 100-59 and North Dakota 86-58.

SEATTLE, a West Coast independent, found the ways of the Midwest odd, to say the least. Al Noeman the Chieftains sat around for nearly an hour and a half between halves when an electrical blackout delayed their game with Oklahoma. But they won anyway,



THE BIG UPSET

Visiting teams are usually received warmly in Philadelphia's cozy Palestra, but rarely has one received the sizzling treatment that Davidson, a top-ranked team, got from unranked St. Joseph's last Saturday. St. Joe's upset the Wildcats 77-64. The aggressive Hawks chose to play Davidson man-to-man most of the way, and the tough defense shown at left, with Cliff Anderson and Steve Chapman (22) surrounding shooter Paul Briggs, stymied the Wildcats. Anderson grabbed 21 rebounds away from Davidson's celebrated Fred Hetzel, and Billy Oakes, a swift jump shooter, scored 22 points.

98-81. **MISS** had only one surprise for the West Coasters—a 98-76 drubbing.

THE SOUTH

If **KENTUCKY**'s cagey old Adolph Rupp looked nervous when he heard his seniors' big boys handled Duke 86-79 (page 20), he had good reason for it. "Why, our biggest man [John Adams] is 6 feet 6½," he said wistfully. "And you invite guys that size to come court your 5-foot daughter." The Baron was right about Adams, anyway. He played only 10 minutes against Iowa before he fouled out, and he might just as well have been off court, since someone's daughter for all he helped Kentucky. The Wildcats had to struggle to hold off the mediocre Hawkeyes, 85-77. Rupp shifted Kentucky in and out of a man-to-man and 1-1-1 zone and, in the end, the Wildcats' "Little Kids"—6-foot sophomores Louis Dampier and 5-foot-11 Randy Embrey, who scored 34 points between them—pulled Kentucky through.

If Kentucky was not quite up to the light for the Southeastern Conference title, **VANDERBILT** and **TENNESSEE** were. Vandy's patience against deliberate Rice was commendable. The taller Commodores just gathered in the rebounds and turned them into baskets for a 78-49 victory. SMU was braver but went down just as easily, 99-67. Tennessee's Ray Meers, who finished his Vols into second place last year with a prize, undisciplined offense, gave them their heads against Richmond. Austin Robbins, a 6-foot-8 junior college All-American, scored 18, and the Spiders were crushed in the stampede, 97-66. **ALABAMA**, shuffling no more since Bill Lynn took over from Joel Eaves, ran freely to beat Georgia Tech 60-52 and Florida State 92-68. Tech recovered to take SMU 83-75 and Rice 71-56.

Duke was not the only Atlantic Coast team to be clipped early. **SOUTH CAROLINA**, after an unimpressive 77-59 win over Clemson, got it from Georgia, 64-61, despite 22 points and 24 rebounds by Billy Cunningham. Two days later, crossovers pointed up the vagaries of college basketball. The Tigers shocked Georgia 72-60. **SOUTH CAROLINA** also came back strong, sporting Coach Frank McGuire's conference debut at South Carolina. The Tar Heels won 82-71. **MARYLAND** squeaked past Penn State 72-71 and George Washington 83-80 but lost to Virginia, the ACC's only unbeaten team, 61-59.

The Southern Conference race is no longer the runaway it used to be for West Virginia. The Mountaineers lost to the Citadel 75-73—and at Morgantown, too.

THE SOUTHWEST

After a week of early-season battering by inter-sectional rivals—more defeats in 15 games—the Southwest Conference race had a most unexpected look. Texas Tech, the favorite, had been soundly thrumped by SAN ANTONIO 72-57 and only BAYLOR and TEXAS, two teams hardly likely to succeed, were still unbeaten.

Baylor smashed Arlington State 103-85, Tulsane 102-87 and LSU 84-72. Texas defeated Texas Wesleyan 104-84, Mississippi 94-67. Tech, however, enjoyed a temporary delusion of grandeur. The Frogs, who had lost 15 straight, used a crackling fast break to trample little Austin 91-66. But Ohio State brought TCU back to reality as it beat the Frogs 84-79.

SMU's young Mustangs, led by sophomores Denny Holman, Charlie Beasley and Bob Rogers, survived a tight push by Oklahoma City and surprised the Chiefs 89-76. Coach Abe Lemons was aghast. "The worst game anybody has ever played for me," wailed the Oklahoma City philosopher, "I hope SMU's the best team in the nation. If not, we're in trouble." Lemons' Chiefs may be in trouble at that. SMU is far from the best and Oklahoma City was not exactly devastating as it edged Cogenary 78-76.

Houston, despite a 76-65 loss to Wisconsin, may have the most enterprising Lebanon since Danny Thomas. Joe Harwood, a 5-foot-11 playmaker, scored 27 points in the Cougars' belated Texas A&I 94-71.

THE WEST

STAN FRANCISCO's Ollie Johnson figures it is a tight waist when he does not get more rebounds than anyone else. He gave Oregon State a sample of his skills and the Beavers succumbed, 66-58. Stanford was supposed to give a **CALIFORNIA** more of a light, but Johnson was on the job again. He took down 17 rebounds, fired in 20 points and the Dons won, 77-50. But San Francisco was one of the few West Coast AC teams that could win. **CALIFORNIA**'s pressing defense so thoroughly intimidated St. Mary's that the Goats were vanquished, 62-44. "This team is so highly trained that it scares me," said Stan Watts of his **ARIZONA** young crew. Then he sent his doven-talented young Cougars racehorses up and down the court against Oregon. They scared the Ducks, too. Lanky John Farnfield anchored in 30 points, and BYU won 99-70. The next night, oaky Mike Gardner shot over Oregon for 26 points and BYU won again, 98-79.

Brighten Young, however, will not look for challengers in the Western AC. Utah, supposedly a collection of midgets, turned out to be a typical Jack Gardner team—fast-breaking, ball-stealing and tough on defense. The Utes cracked up New Mexico State 98-65, Loyola of Los Angeles 99-65 and Butler 95-66. Meanwhile, with Flynn Robinson shooting for 52 points, walloped Nebraska 94-68 and Weber State 89-75. **ARIZONA** took Seattle by surprise, 76-71.

Seventeen-year-old Wayne Liles, slimmer, snifter and even more adept, was back at his old tricks for independent **UTAH STATE**. He led the Aggies to victories over Idaho State 107-60, Butler 88-74 and Loyola 96-69. **COLORADO STATE** outlasted Air Force 68-66 in overtime, then beat Denver 79-65 in the Mile High Classic final in Denver. END



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TWICE TEX

Sirs,

Congratulations! In Edwin Shrake you have actually found another writer who knows as little about football as Tex Maule (*How the West Has Won*, Nov. 23). Mr. Shrake believes that there are at least three teams in the Western Division that are superior to the Browns, including the Detroit Lions. After what the Browns did to the Lions, I wonder if the Lions could hold their own against the Pomona payvees.

JERREY WEINLARTIN

JILL GIBSON

HOWEN ULICH

University Heights, Ohio

Sirs,

Edwin (couldn't you call him Tex, too?) Shrake admits that the West defeated the East in the past three years by virtue of favorable weather conditions ('61 and '62) and a critical injury ('63). How this proves superior foresight on the part of the Packers and Bears somehow escapes me.

In the next breath he claims that Y. A. Title has been effective in New York because of his education in the West. This strikes me as a singular theme, in that I recall, as recently as last year, that you people were claiming Y. A. never became a truly effective quarterback until he came to the Giants.

Men like Jim Brown, Sam Huff, Frank Gifford, Sonny Jurgensen, Bobby Mitchell, Kyle Rote, Steve Van Buren, Buddy Dial, Tommy McDonald, Chuck Bednarik (enough!) were and are products of the Eastern teams. And as for the insane comment that "in the East there were Raugh and Otto Graham," did not your man ever hear of one Charles Albert Conerly Jr.? All he ever did was steer the Giants to three Eastern Division titles and one world championship (score 47-7).

STEPHEN H. ALLEN

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sirs,

Upon reading this article I was sensitive to anything said against the Eastern Division of the NFL. But this was an unbiased report of the horrible plight of professional football due to bad scouting. I hope the Eastern Division takes heed. *Five As* Edwin Shrake! *Five As* SPORTS ILLUSTRATED!

STEVEN LORCH

New York City

TWO-TON TEENS

Sirs,

You hit the nail on the head in your editorial about football injuries in scholastic

football (*SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Nov. 30). Size alone seems to be the sole requirement some coaches have for selecting a player. Here in New Jersey this past season no less than seven youngsters of 100-plus played varsity football. Now, how can a boy of 15 standing 6 feet 3 inches and weighing 345 pounds possibly pass a physical examination for strenuous exercise?

Yet I talked to one such boy who told me he cared little about playing football, but the coach saw him at the hall one day and talked him into going out for the team. He had been excused from the conditioning exercises because he could not do deep knee bends, sit-ups or even one push-up!

KENNETH BARNARD

Camden, N.J.

Sirs,

You are correct; the early teens is the wrong time of life for a youngster to begin organized tackle football. In these years boys of the same age may be quite unequal in size and musculature, and sudden spurts of growth can make a boy's body slow to learn safe body-contact techniques.

Prevention of football fatalities depends upon school-supervised medical examinations for every team candidate. It also depends upon patient high school coaches who will neither accelerate nor abort the body-conditioning phase in their desire to teach the fundamentals—which should have been "begun slowly" years before.

ROLAND M. SHERRWOOD

Chicago

Sirs,

While 15 may be too young for football as presently played by high schools, it should be pointed out that younger boys in a well-run football program can participate safely and satisfactorily. I have been coaching boys 10 to 14 for more than 25 years; during that time there has not been a serious injury among my boys or our opponents. On several occasions boys could not participate because of broken bones and other injuries incurred playing cowboys and Indians.

ALFRED G. HARR JR.

Wynnewood, Pa.

PROUDSVILLE

Sirs,

A ship on the back of the hind for Gwilym S. Brown (*A Matter of Pride at Endsville*, Nov. 30). Someone must have put rocks in his mattress while he was here.

We here at "Endsville" are proud of our Capon Classic tournament and of the community effort that makes it possible. This is a very aggressive and modern city, as

proved by the population increase in the last dozen years, and we are equally proud of the state's second largest university (University of Southwestern Louisiana), which has an All-America basketball player, an up-and-coming football team and a bowling team that is one of the top collegiate teams of the nation.

Mr. Brown must have been referring to the position of the tournament at the end of the PGA circuit rather than to the place where it was held. It will be a long time before Lafayette, the Capon Classic and the hospitality surrounding it are forgotten. I'll even wager that both Palmer and Nicklaus will come back.

WARREN K. FINLEY

Lafayette, La.

PARADOX IN THE WILDERNESS

Sirs:

Robert Boyle's fine article *America does the Dismal* (Nov. 16) has provoked a keen and lingering sense of shock and despair. My wife and I had the good fortune to live the first two decades of our lives in the great Pacific Northwest. Now, as a Foreign Service family, we look forward eagerly to vacations in our wilderness. Every three or four years, during our home-leave periods, we head for the open spaces, more thankful each time that new highway projects make it easier, safer and quicker to get there. Yet what a paradox! In modern America a resident of Virginia, as I have been, can hop in a car and within 72 hours have his fly line floating along Wyoming's Green River, having paid gasoline taxes into the treasuries of several states en route, plus a few dollars for a non-resident fishing license. Yet if the good citizens of Wyoming should someday decide to do something to the river—either a dam or a highway, for example—which would make it less than the great trout stream it is today, what can we do?

Since we Americans take for granted the ease with which we can cross state boundaries and make use of what lies beyond, with little or no thought to the legislative, administrative and organizational functions that make all this possible, it would seem that part of the solution to the current problem is to make more of us aware of the remedial machinery already at our disposal.

JOBEN SAGLER

American Embassy

Moscow, U.S.S.R.

BLOCK THAT KICK

Sirs,

I wonder if it has occurred to your experts, as it has to me, that the field-goal craze is killing professional football. It is no longer



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necessary to cross the opponent's goal line
to win a football game. The thrill of watch-
ing a team move in for a touchdown is lost
about 50% of the time. In a close game the
team that finds itself one or two points be-
hind in the final minutes doesn't even try
to score. Instead it muncifies its ball to
the center of the field and poses—three points
and the game.

Phrases: Who wants to see a field goal?
I let get action and see them score touch-
downs, in football will get the same treat-
ment as baseball.

J. J. BURNETT

Montgomery

Says:

There seems to be no question that the
field goal enjoys a greater prestige in pro
football today than it did years ago. A
glance at the listing of leading scorers in the
31 years of pro football from 1912 to 1942
will reveal rather dramatically the year 1947
as the pivotal year of the field goal's modern
ascendancy. In 13 of the 15 years prior to
1947 the leading scorers attained a majority
of their points by way of the touchdown.
In 10 of the 16 years after 1946, however,
the leading scorers acquired a majority of
their points by way of field goals and extra
points.

In view of the above statistics, it would
be rather difficult to dispute the fact of the
field goal's modern ascendancy. What needs
to be disputed is whether the ascendancy is
good. Fans of the opinion that it is not al-
together good and that rules for the field
goal need to be reconsidered.

One deleterious effect of the present rul-
ings is the superabundance of long, long
field-goal attempts. According to the present
field-goal rulings, teams would be fool-
ish not to try for the three points on the
long tries, because the kicking team has
everything to gain and very little to lose.
Should the attempt fail, the net effect would
be the same as if they had punted—no win
point. Today the field goal is generally re-
served to on fourth-down situations inside
the 50-yard line. This not only gives a rather
strong offensive advantage to a team merely
for having crossed the midfield line, but it
grants this advantage without any corre-
sponding risk.

To remedy this situation, I would suggest
the following change of ruling, namely, that
when a field goal has been attempted and
missed, and the line of scrimmage is beyond
the 20-yard line, the ball is spotted back on
the line of scrimmage. This ruling, while no
doubt lessening the number of long field-
goal attempts, would restore greater balance
between risk and gain and thereby improve
the element of sport in one of the greatest
of sports.

THOMAS CORRIE

Dayton

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Odd Survival of the Punt Gun

It looks like a quaint and clumsy museum piece but it is still used by hunters in English coastal waters

by DAVID LAMPE

The punt gun is a weapon of massive size and barbarous appearance for use against ducks and other wildfowl. Mounted on the prow of a small boat, one of them can spew forth such a hail of lead balls, rusty nails and old bed springs that it might seem more suitable for cutting down Pickett's Charge than shooting up a raft of sitting canvasback ducks. So formidable a weapon is it that it was outlawed in the U.S. in 1918, and only a few specimens survive as museum pieces, relics of the days when market hunters used them for large kills and quick profits. But punt gunning is still a popular form of hunting in England, where—curiously, to the nonpunt-gunning mind—the use of decoys to ambush wildfowl is considered unsporting. So is hunting in bad weather, when the birds are handicapped in their chance at flight from mass extinction. But these niceties aside, almost anything else goes.

British punt guns have virtually no stocks, and their barrels resemble rain spouts. If they are less than six feet long, have bores of less than an inch, weigh less than 40 pounds, they are mere peashooters. Many punt guns

have 12-foot barrels, and although the maximum legal bore is now only an inch and three-eighths, some of the older ones are as big as two and a half inches. Punt guns sometimes weigh as much as 150 pounds and have an effective spread of at least seven feet. Set off just once in the right direction, one of them can kill 100 birds.

Such a weapon can't be fired from the shoulder, of course, so it is generally mounted on the foredeck of a one-man punt—a 14-foot boat that looks like a flimsy kayak but has deceptively heavy oak framing. All the hunter has to do is row out to where the birds are and blast away. This sounds easy, but punt gunning is strictly a stalking sport—and no game is harder to stalk than the canny wildfowl that inhabit the marshlands around the coasts of the British Isles.

Possibly the oldest form of coastal wildfowl shooting, punt gunning's heyday was during the hair-shirt, cold-bath-every-morning Victorian era, when far more wild birds flocked to British coastal waters, when far more Englishmen had the time and the tenacity that this sport demands. The fact that fewer

continued

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than two dozen punt guns have been manufactured since World War II suggests that punt gunning is a dying sport. But these guns never wear out (any made at any date in this century are classed as modern), and most of the legal-size ones made in the last 150 years are still in fairly regular use. A novice who wants to take up the sport usually has to go looking for some aging punt gunner who doesn't have a son, son-in-law, nephew or crony to will his weapon to and who is willing to sell it. The alternative is to have one custom-made.

The earliest punt guns were muzzle-loading flintlocks, and a surprising number of these are still used. The hunters who swear by them explain that the flint striking the steel and the flash of the powder in the pan alert the birds, giving them just time enough to lift off the water and to begin scattering, causing the maximum number of fatalities. Also, the barrels of flintlock weapons usually are constricted halfway along, giving the shot a wider and more even spread, and making these the only punt guns with any form of choking. However, keeping flintlocks' powder dry is a major problem out on the spray-swept marshes, and the flash pans are a hazard. Bewiskered flintlock punt gunners have been known to set their beards on fire.

Percussion-action muzzle-loaders are somewhat more popular, although percussion caps also are susceptible to dampness. I nipped .22-short cartridges are often used.

The big guns have an elephantine kick, of course, so they're securely roped into place on the punts with carefully tested tarred Italian hemp. To recharge a muzzle-loader the hunter must laboriously unharness his weapon, draw it back into the cockpit and swab the barrel before pouring in a fresh load. While he's trying to keep the boat steady during this operation the gunner must also bear in mind the fact that one unsmoldering crumb of powder left in the barrel will, when he's pouring in the fresh load, probably cost him an arm—or maybe even his head. Punt-gun exposures are not uncommon.

It is not surprising, therefore, that 40% of punt guns used today are breech-loading. Even these have to be swabbed carefully after every shot, but this can be done from the chamber end, without untying all those ropes. The shells

for these guns are often more than a foot long, and an English punt gunner thinks twice about pulling the trigger when he knows it will cost him at least \$3 to do so. Professional wildfowling who use punt guns often convert breech-loaders into muzzle-loaders to keep down the overhead.

Punt gunning is a sport and also a profession. The open season for shooting wildfowl on British tidal waters is August 1 to February 20. Dredging and pollution caused by sewage and diesel effluents have combined to thin Britain's coastal reeds, reducing the number of places where game birds can feed and inevitably reducing the number of birds, too.

The gunners usually go out at night, often during the chilliest time, three or four hours before dawn. They wear as much clothing as they can get on, but nothing keeps them really warm out there on the marshes—not the cold sandwiches they stuff into their pockets, not their vacuum flasks of scalding tea or coffee, not even the hip flasks of rum they carry as a life preserver in case they fall overboard.

Punt gunners have to be intrepid carmen, too, for wild birds only alight in flocks in the more inaccessible places. No punt gunner thinks it too much to row 20 or 30 miles just to get in position. When he finally is out on the saltflats—the tide-swept river-estuary mud flats where the sparse reeds still form natural feeding places for ducks, geese and curlew—the hunter ships his oars, sprawls on his belly and peers over the barrel of his gun. He must now propel his punt noiselessly, using a pair of small wooden paddles shaped like oversize paper knives, keeping his bare hands in the water to the wrists—water that would be frozen if it weren't so salty.

When he sees a flock of birds on the water 100 or more yards in front of him, he scoots ahead gently, hands still working under water. If he feels his paddles stir the mud, he strains to recall the depth of the water. Should his keel rub bottom now, the current or the wind may spin him around, pointing his gun away from his targets.

Cautiously he closes on the birds. If conditions are right, he may wait until he is within 40 or 50 yards of them to be sure of a good shot. If conditions are only so-so, he'll fire at 70 yards.

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The Punt Gun *continued*

adjusts its elevation with a gadget that looks like a pool shark's bridge, and makes a mental note of the fore-and-aft movement of the punt. No use firing when the prow is too low—or too high.

He is ready to pull the trigger—but probably he won't. Instead, he bends his knees slightly, then gently taps his toes on the decking of his punt. The birds crane their necks alertly. As he hears an anxious fluttering of feathers he fires.

At first all he hears from his gun is a *crack-crack*. A 12-foot flame spurts from the muzzle. The kick is largely absorbed by the hemp. And if the hunter measured his charge of black powder carefully (probably underloading, using only an ounce of powder for every seven pounds of the gun's weight), that also lessened the kick. Black powder burns slowly all the way up the barrel—especially the punt-gun variety, which is as coarse as uncooked rice.

The flash has died, but the hunter still cannot see through the dense cloud of smoke between him and his birds. Most of the birds—there may have been hundreds—doubtless got away, but if the hunter hears a few wounded ones thrashing wildly in the water, he will grab his oars and row swiftly into the carnage. Then he will reach under the foredeck of the punt for his 12-bore to finish off the wounded.

How many carcasses can the hunter expect to pick up after a shot? Well, in 1946 an Englishman claimed a score of 103 widgeon with one shot, and even this may not be an alltime record. These days, however, the average kill is from five to 10 birds. During the entire 1962-1963 season the leading full-time professional punt gunner on the Essex-Suffolk estuaries got only 180 birds—no more than he used to kill each week before the war.

If the birds are dying out, why don't the punt gunners give up—or at least turn to more conventional shooting? Or are they the kind of hairshirted Englishmen who thrive on frustration? Even the professionals, who spend half their lives in punts, say that no two shots are ever alike, that the wind and the lighting conditions out on the salttings are never the same twice, that the birds' actions are never predictable, that somehow the guns never fire precisely the same way twice, that this is a sport they go on learning till they die.

END

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